

THE
CONQUEST OF CANADA:
OR, THE
SIEGE OF QUEBEC.
AN
HISTORICAL TRAGEDY,
OF FIVE ACTS.

BY GEORGE COCKINGS, *K*
AUTHOR OF WAR: AN HEROIC POEM.

A . L . B . A . N . T . :

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THE
CONSTITUTION OF CANADA

OF THE
SIEGE OF QUEBEC



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OF THE
BY GEORGE COCKING

ALBION & WINE

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TO THE PUBLIC.

ALTHOUGH the undertaking is great and arduous, for a person in my situation of life unassisted, to dare attempt the sole composition of a Tragedy; yet I was incited to the task, by ruminating on a rapid, and almost uninterrupted series of success, in 1759, and the great and ever memorable year of 1758, &c. the glorious effects of the amicable and happy union, which subsisted between our gallant troops, and intrepid tars; who, with a true spirit of martial bravery and emulation (never to be overdone, or equalled again, but by themselves) baffled, bore down, and triumphed over all hostile opposition, in every quarter of the globe; both by land and sea, which the united power and policy of France, Spain, and their civilized and barbarous friends and allies, could possibly exert.

At first, I thought to have made one entire Dramatic Piece of it, through the whole course of the war, so gloriously successful to Great Britain, beyond all parallel; rendering her terrible to the nations around, and so effectually humbling to France; totally destroying her trade, baffling, and overcoming all her armaments, both by land and sea; that at length she could be scarcely said to make any effort, deserving the name of resistance. Had I proceeded according to the above design, I then intended to have named the piece, *The Matchless Ææa*. But when I came to reflect upon the transactions in North-America; the great and hazardous siege of Quebec, seemed to stand foremost, and claim my chief attention: For there, near 12,000 veteran French, joined by Canadians, and many savage tribes,

lay intrenched at the only spot attackable; commanded by a bold, experienced, enterprising, (and hitherto) fortunate General, Monsieur de Montcalm, and many other gallant leaders, with all the advantages of art and nature on their side, to render their situation as formidable as possible, to the most intrepid foe: Yet about 8000 of Britannia's troops, assisted by her matchless tars, lead and animated by Wolfe, Saunders, Monckton, Townshend, Holmes, Howe, Murray, Fraser, and many other leaders brave, laid siege to that strong and important fortress and capital; carried on their several attacks, with the loss of about 3000 killed and wounded; and at last, on the famed height of Abraham, with about 5000 men, gained a complete victory, and coaxed in a total rout, to the garrison walls, French, Indians, and Canadians! The glorious consequence of which was, the surrender of the city and garrison of Quebec; and soon after all Canada submitted to the victorious troops of Great-Britain. So great, and many, were the remarkable transactions of that siege, and so much worth, and bravery, was there displayed, I thought there needed no additional aid of well wrought fiction, or fulsome adulation, to render it worthy of a dramatic representation. I therefore resolved to send it forth into the world, dressed in the amiable garb of impartial verity, under the title of *The Conquest of Canada: Or, The Siege of Quebec*; and designed to adhere strictly to historical facts, as much as a dramatic performance would allow. Not being conversant with the stage, and consequently not well acquainted with the rules of the drama, as a dramatic writer, perhaps I may have greatly erred in the composition of the play, as to time, place, circumstances, and many other minute particulars, which the most judicious and nice critics in ancient literature, may think a work of this kind deserves. But I write an historical tragedy; and as a historian, have endeavoured to display, in the different scenes, a representation of real
and

TO THE PUBLIC.

and genuine facts, great in themselves, as any in our times, and amply worthy of being registered in the annals of fame, as rival actions of those patriotic deeds, of the so much admired ancient Greeks and Romans! We read with pleasure and admiration the siege of Calais, Aquileia, Addison's Cato and the gallant defence of the Thermopylæan pass; where the regal patriot Leonidas, with his few chosen, and ever renowned Spartans, Thebans, and Thespians, nobly fell, in the defence of their country, its privileges and laws. Yet at these places, none but Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, were the worthy warriors, with whom we are so pleased. Whilst Greece and Rome boast their patriotic warriors, slain in defence of their laws and liberties, and France trumpets forth the noble and praiseworthy resolutions of her Burghers at Calais, who only offered themselves at the mercy of the British royal victor, to save their countrymen, friends, and relations from ruin; yet providentially escaped the threatened fate, and lived very justly revered by their grateful country.

I SAY, whilst all these states seem emulously to vie with each other for the greatest honour in the records of patriotism, shall we be mute, nor give deserved applause to these gallant countrymen of ours, who to save wives, children, lands and laws, fought, bled, and died in the glorious cause of freedom, and the service of their country, at Louisbourg, Quebec, &c. and shall we not enjoy a more exquisite pleasure, when we read the scenes which display the victorious intrepidity, warlike worth, or glorious deaths, not of Greeks, Gauls, and Romans, (as oft has happened, against rude, barbarous, or effeminated troops, or at best if disciplined, not trained and armed like themselves, for offensive and defensive war;) but of Englishmen, Caledonians, and Hibernians, who engaged against superior numbers, like themselves civilized; who had a constant supply from large magazines of all the destruc-

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TO THE PUBLIC.

tive implements of death; trained, armed, and equally disciplined in the arts of war, and well skilled in every manœuvre of the field; and were immured in strong fortresses, or advantageously intrenched; yet these they would often attack, and fired by patriotic ardor, (with an impetuosity not to be withstood) would rout from trench to trench, chase from field to field; and drive from garrison to garrison, these more numerous, well disciplined, and veteran forces, till all retreat was cut off, and submission became the only resource they had left for safety: Whilst the nations around trembled at Britannia's name, and dreaded the united thunder-storm of her terrene and naval warriors.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

WOLFE,	}	<i>Three English Generals.</i>
LEONATUS,		
BRITANNICUS,		

FIRST *Caledonian* CHIEF,
SECOND *Caledonian* CHIEF.

OCHTERLONY,	}	<i>Three Officers, in the Troops of Great-Britain.</i>
MACDONALD,		
PEYTON,		

MONTCALM,	}	<i>Three French Generals.</i>
LEVI,		
BOUGAINVILLE,		

W O M E N.

SOPHRONIA,
SOPHIA.

Land and Sea Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Nuns, &c.
The first Act in *England*, and during great Part of the
Rest of the Play in *America*, at *Quebec*, and Places adjacent.



A C T I.

SOPHRONIA's House.

S C E N E I.

SOPHRONIA and WOLFE.

SOPHRONIA.

THEN you resolve to leave me?

Wolfe. Madam, I do —

Our sage and patriot Minister on me
Has fix'd his choice, to stand prime candidate
For honour in this glorious enterprize;
Our martial King (well pleas'd) gave his royal
Assent to that choice, and glory calls me forth.

Sophr. Have not those British troops you've train'd to
war,

Giv'n ample proof of skill and courage, in
The day of battle, and by their conduct,
Reflected honour on you their former
Chief? And Louisbourg bore dreadful witness,
To your impetuous and unbated
Fury in the siege: Why then shou'd future
Fame engross th' attention of your soul?

Wolfe. Those troops you're pleas'd to hint at; when
they fought,
Were headed by another: Besides, it
Is too scant an honour to shine by their

Reflection.

8 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. OR,

Reflection, and borrow glory from those
Gallant soldiers deeds:—

At Louisbourg, I was not first in the
Command, and cannot claim the foremost rank
Of fame: Then I only took a gentle
Sip of honour's cup, but was with held by
Destiny from draining it, which like true
Lovers kisses. (still raising new desires,)
Has set my thirsty soul in flame for more!
And being chief, I long to swallow down
Whole draughts of glory; like Philip's conqu'ring
Son, I'd bathe in Seas of danger, brave all
The horrors of the fight, and with eyes of
Warlike jealousy, stand on the watch for
Some advent'rous deeds, worthy of my King,
My country, and a British General

Sophr. Forgive, my son, a mother's fears:
I wou'd not check you in your full career
To glory, nor from my country's service
Willingly detain a brave and useful leader:—
My heart distends with secret pride, and joy
Maternal fills my bosom, whene'er I
Call you son: But oh! (sad thought!) I much fear
Th' impetuous fury of your soul, will
Greatly spur you on to wounds, and dangers,
And perhaps to death:—

Oh! think what I must then endure!—
You have already gain'd great honour;—
Be sedately brave, and cautiously
Intrepid;—repress the furious ardor
Of your mind;—be content;—and—

Wolfe. Madam, I guess your speech:
You'd say, and stay at home — That cannot be,
Shall I, with a dull tortoise pace, set out
In honour's path, and at the slightest touch
Of danger, like him, shrink back into my
Shell? No!—let these resemblances of men, just
Who outside wear the martial garb, and seem

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 9

To look the lion in their furly port,
 Yet bear within a tim'rous deer-like soul:
 Let such as these, (if such there are in life)
 In grov'ling sloth receive their country's pay,
 Tremble at the thought of action! and when
 The foe is nam'd, start! look aghast! and grow pale!
 Th'animating trumpets! th'artillery's roar!
 My soldiers steady manly looks! the drums!
 The fises! and all the grand apparatus
 For the war, have charms for me to rouze my
 Faculties, and kindle up an ardor
 In my soul, beyond what speech can paint! or
 Any but a warrior feel!—
 Madam I am resolved.

Sophr. Since you will go, come to my arms and take
 A mother's blessing. [*Embracing him.*]
 Hear me all-sufficient Heav'n! inspire, and
 Guard my son: Let him not seek danger for
 The sake of danger, nor feel a coward's
 Pang: Oh! give him victory, and to my
 Arms, again restore the darling of my age.
 Now, go my son:—Deserve a Briton's name;—
 With honour come;—or,—oh my fault'ring tongue!
 I would say, come not all;—and yet a
 Mother's fond anxiety, wou'd make me
 Say, at any rate return—

Wolfe. Be pleas'd to wait with patience this event;
 And during this intended siege I hope
 All things will so concur together, that
 I shall at last return with life and honour.

Sophr. Oh! direful thought! in battle fell'd you may
 Be trodden under foot, in the purple
 Stream, flowing from the fountain of your heart: [*Weeps.*]
 Perhaps whilst bleeding, and ebbing life but
 Tardily retreats from the weak shatter'd
 Mansion, you may fall a prey to some fell
 Savages, who stand insultingly o'er
 Departing life, and add a racking pang!
 (A pang!) more exquisite to manly souls,

B.

Than

10 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Than glorious death cou'd e'er inflict.

[*Leans on his breast, as if to faint, but recovers again.*

Wolfe Madam, I beg you'd calm the inquietudes
Of your soul, and grieve no more at thoughts of
What may come to pass, but has no certainty:
Yet be assur'd, whate'er shall hap, I'll bring
No stain upon my family, or my
Country; what wounds I gain, shall be by me
Most honestly receiv'd, against my front
Shall ev'ry terror fly, and I will face
The hostile thundring storm of death, and if
I fall, I'll fall at least with honour.

Sophr. At length my resolution, and a warm
Regard for Britain's welfare, seem to stand
Almost on an equality with my
Maternal fondness; and now the intestine
Conflict in my soul partly subsides:—
Oh! poignant thought of deep distress! shall I
E'er spur my son to battle, and to death!
And yet, oh! keener thought of woe! shall I
Receive a dastard to my arms! and hear
My country curse th' inglorious war he made!
Forbid it Heav'n!—avert it, oh—my son,—
Another dear embrace before we part;

[*Embracing him, weeping:*

Perhaps to meet no more below.—

Oh! cruel war!—oh! dear bought fame!—

Oh! wou'd'st thou count a gentler mistress than

Rough honour!—but 'tis the will of fate, and thine.

Then go;—thy King commands; thy country calls;

—Forget not thyself!—and guess the rest:

Wolfe. You'd say return victorious;—at least come
Home with honour;—bring home no dastard looks
To me:—Your fears are just;—your caution's good;
I'll not forget myself.—When in danger
Most extreme, I'll recollect the glory of
My King, Britannia's well, and what should
Be to ev'ry soldier dearer than his
Life, my own honour is at stake; with this

Threesfold

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 11

Threelfold recollection back'd, what horrid
Shape can death put on, to chill the ardor
Of my heart, or shock my steady soul?
Who would not fight in mighty George's cause,
When mothers pray, and sigh a fond applause!
Madam, farewell.— *Exit Wolfe.*

SOPHRONIA sola.

Oh! 'tis hard indeed to root affection
Up in outward show, and bid a son go fight!
None but a mother knows the bitter task,
To quell the tender yearnings of a parent's
Soul, and for a son so full of manly
Fortitude, and patriotic worth!
If he returns victorious, I'm bless'd indeed!
If he falls, with him fail all my fond hopes;
And I am gloriously unhappy! *Exit Sophr.*

SCENE II.

SOPHIA'S Parlour.

WOLFE solus.

Now comes the time to prove my resolution;
I'm wrapp'd in am'rous doubt, mix'd with a sweet
Perplexity! Love's fierce desires inform
My glowing soul! the wish'd for malady
With ardent tremor rolls thro' ev'ry vital part!
The sages surely have mistook,
And Heav'n ordain'd that darling sex, to rule
Superior here below: How facile to
Subdue they find our mighty boasted reason!
In ev'ry glance a soft enchantment's couch'd!
And their pretty prattling tongues are hung with
An harmonious magic!—
How potent when array'd with each killing charm,
Is all conq'ring woman!—
The downy fetters which she throws around

The

12 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

The heart, when first laid on scarce felt; soon prove
More hard to break than links of stubborn steel,
Be firm my heart; and let me not be drawn
Like Anthony, by fond desire, to quit
Bright honour's chace; but let me run resolv'd
The race of glory,—

Now two great passions struggle for command;
'Twixt love, and glory, I suspended stand:
Born down by beauty's blaze, my soul gives way,
Like mollient wax, in sol's refulgent ray;
At glory's call, again abdur'd I grow,
And Cup d flis before the martial glow;
Yet when return'd, I shall my charmer meet,
And lay new laurels gain'd at Sophia's feet;
Bright Sophia then shall here unrivall'd reign,
And with one smile, shall overpay my pain. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E III.

Scene draws, and discovers WOLFE and SOPHIA, sitting.

Soph. Then I find, Sir, you prefer the noise and
Danger of the battle, and fatigues of
A foreign campaign, to the quiet enjoyment
Of your friends in sasety in your native
Country?

Wolfe. Madam, you already know my sentiments:
Our Monarch, good, and gracious as he is,
In me reposes special trust; in me,
Great-Britain, and her Patriots confide;
With joy, my faithful sturdy soldiers wait
To hail me General: No sluggish thought
Shall ever harbour in my breast, to caule
Me to recede from my firm purpose.

Soph. I think not of altering your purpose
For the war; perhaps that would be a task
Too hard:—

And yet methinks we might expect a more

Lasting

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 13

Lasting pleasure than we yet have had, in
Your company, and friendship, that we mi. he
Add more esteem and heap new favours on
The man, whose actions have rendered him so
Deserving.

Wolfe. By honour spur'd and an emulating
Thirst for fame, to stand inroll'd 'mongit Britain's
Worthies, I re-assume the martial toil.—
Whilst all Britannia's sons, are rous'd to arms,
And burn with gen'rous ardor to revenge,
And redress their country's wrongs; shall I sit
Tamely down, and dose a life of sloth away?

[*Wolfe and Sophia rising.*]

Soph. Such Sir, has ever been your active course
Of life and such your shining deeds, they spread
A blaze of glory round, that pale envy's
Self must keep a silent distance, and with
Mute indignation gnaw the galling chain.
You're scarce return'd from Louisbourg, and yet
Seem longing for another undertaking.
Has nothing charms to stay you longer here?

Wolfe aside.] Such charms!—the fair! the kind en-
quirer has!

I scarce know how to flee their magic pow'r!
[*To her.*] Tho' you are unconscious of the blaze of
Charms with which you're bless'd, yet I confess their
Pow'r;—[*fainting*] and in yourself alone,—[*sighing*]
I'd seek the

Summit of terrestrial joy: But now my
Honour is at stake; that like a rich gem
Inestimable, has ever been and
Still shall be the prime treasure of my soul:
England has many foes; I'll therefore strive
To merit more esteem by future deed.

Soph. Whene'er new actions shall bespeak more
Worth, and add new honours to those you have
Already gain'd, I never shall be wanting
In my just applause, nor fail to crown with

The

14 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

The deserv'd esteem, a man so worthy :
Your warlike deeds, and all your brave exploits,
We'll oft recount, and dwell with pleasure on
The wond'rous tale!

Proceed as you've begun, and such rewards,
With me, and mine, (replete with friendly joy)
Your grateful country will bestow, as might
Satisfy the utmost bounds of your ambition.

[*Wolfe assuming a more sprightly and pleasant air.*
All my ambition, Madam, centers in
Yourself: And I esteem my honour well
Insur'd, and cannot doubt success, since while
I range the savage continent, maiden
Innocence, will plead with kneeling eloquence,
My cause with Heav'n.—

Active as the rising flame, my gladden'd
Soul transported! soars upon the wings of
Exultation, sweetly reflecting on
My future bliss!

Soph. Your happiness I measure by the soft
Transports I enjoy: now shou'd I feel a
Sweet foretaste of mutual delight, did
Not honour rival me. (at present) in
Your esteem, and smile triumphant in the
Conquest she has made, mixing some jealous
Anxious pangs with that overflowing flood of joy.

Wolfe. That rival mistress shortly must depart,
And you remain sole charmer of my soul.
No greater joy has fate in store! since you
Are pleas'd to give me but a distant hope!
To bid me conquer! and make my fame your
Theme! and promise me you'll smile applause on
Each praise worthy deed!—

Soph. Long would I fain detain you here, and with
Persuasive kindness, strive to beguile your
Resolution for this foreign war: But
Being honour'd with the Royal confidence,
And public approbation, and drawn by

Glory

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 15

Glory's animating call, I cannot
 With you to relinquish that high claim of
 Honour which fires your soul; may your guardian
 Angel go forth with you to the battle;
 Avert each rapid bullet as it flies
 And ward far off the mortal steel: and oh!
 May you return with vict'ry crown'd, to bless
 My longing eyes again.—

Wolfe. Dear as you've ever been, this last kind speech
 Makes you shine more amiable; read'ring
 You dearer to my soul, by sympathy
 Of sentiment.—Madam, I take my leave:—[*Embracing*
her tenderly. [Embracing her a second time.
 Dear! dear maid! Farewell!

Exit Wolfe, Sophia attends him to the door; looking
eagerly after him.

S O P H I A *sola.*

He's gone! [*Weeps.*] and yet he seem'd as if about
 To stay; and often backward cast such tender
 Speaking looks of sweet distress, as if his
 Soul had been upon the wing to quit its
 Body, and fix its habitation here.

The thrilling eloquence so charm'd my senses,
 I thought my soul about to blend with his;
 And such an unwonted pungent pang he
 Gave my heart at parting! as if he there
 Till then had grown; and thence was dragg'd by some
 Superior force! [*Exit Sophia.*

S C E N E IV.

PORTSMOUTH POINT, or BEACH.

Enter a LAND and SEA OFFICER meeting.

Sea Off. Good morrow t'ye, Sir: What news is
 stirring?

Land Off. News, my friend? I can tell you such a
 piece

news, as once to hear it would make a
 busy sinner leap for joy! a soldier

Leave

16 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR

Leave his wench! a sailor leave his flip! and
All France to tremble!

Sea. Off. Then I'm sure 'tis warlike news:
Some new expedition, some siege, I hope;
For nought like that can make Britannia's sons
Of thunder leave their wenches and their flip;
And nothing better suited to make the
Monseurs tremble.

Land Off. A siege it is:
Our good old King has doom'd Quebec to fall;
Pitt longs to have an ampler vengeance;
And Wolfe is nominated General:
Wolfe! at whose name the French are thunderstruck
Th' intrepid Monckton is the second, and
The gallant Townshend third in the command:
Their presence, (as the sun gives heat and day
Light) can warm each soldier's heart for battle,
And spur an animated army on
Full speed to glory.

Sea. Off. But who's the Admiral for this design?
I want to thrash their jackets once again.

Land Off. I hear it is the gallant Saunders, and
Holmes the second in command.

Sea Off. Just as I wish'd:—I sail with Saunders;
He is a brave commander, and will soon
Give a convincing proof of it on the,
Frenchmen to their cost.—
I think now England has pretty well paid
Herself for the loss of St. Philip's.—

Land Off. I think so too:—Yet between you and I,
They met no essenc'd Jack-a-Dandys there;
The brave old Blakeney and his worthy few
Of vet'ran troops, and newly landed tars,
Were fierce as lions, and fearless as Job's
War horse.

Sea Off. There they got a sample of what they might
Expect, and since have had a full measure
Of vengeance pour'd out upon them.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 17

Land Off. And more shall have or I'm mistaken.

Sea Off. With what tumultuous joy, the burning scene
We saw! when six score ships, with ware-houses,
And stores were wrapp'd in one fierce British blaze,
Whilst with accustom'd shouts we frighten'd France!
Meanwhile, St. Maloe's thunder, silent as
The grave growl'd not the least defiance, as
If well pleas'd with Marlborough's vengeance.

Land Off. Their troubles, fears, and losses, only
then began.

Sea Off. Right brother Officer! 'twas glorious sport!
Where princely Edward fought on hostile ground;
And where the gallant Howe, and Bligh engag'd;
(And once more bore destruction to proud France:)
To see at Edward's feet, their stubborn ramparts
Kiss the ground! their empty plunder'd royal
Stores, and magazines, in flames! and then to
Crown the scene, to see the subterraneous
Ruin rise, and all disjointed fling their
Cherbourg's costly bason in the air!

Land Off. These were sights worth seeing!

Sea Off. Then to sail along their coasts, with Osborne,
Gard'ner, Hawke, and Howe; to take th' Orphee and
The more dreadful Foudroyant! (changing the
Expedition of Du Quesne, to Britain's
Shore, instead of Louisbourg,) driving their
Fleets into neutral harbours, locking up
Their ports, and stagnating all their trade! then
To go with Rodney, and overturn all
Their flat bottom'd war! to break their fine spun
Project of invasion, and ram their schemes
Down their throats wrapp'd up in smoke!

Land Off. This sport was chiefly on the element,
Where you sailors were the best actors, and
We soldiers had but little hand in it:
But we handled them a little roughly
At Senegal, and many other places
Of the torrid zone; where, with resistless

No
olis

Fury

18 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Fury, Watſon, Sayer, Barrington, Marſh,
Maſon, Moore, and Draper, with other bold
Commanders, ſwept all before them, in a
Deluge of repeated victories!

Sea Off. And amongſt the reſt, Keppel in a ſtorm
Of thunder, beat Goree to the ground.

And as if the French hadn't had loſs and griefs
Enough, how bold Boſcawen maul'd De Clue!
Scatt'ring his fleet, and driving ſome on ſhore,
Taking, burning, ſinking, at his pleaſure!
And then it was, the French ocean, by the
Hardy De la Clue commanded, tumbled
On the ſhore to ſhun Boſcawen's rage, and
Was lick'd up by Engliſh flame!

Land Off. And ſtill to add to England's glory, and
Their ſhame, to ſeize upon Cape Breton's Iſle.
Oh! hadſt thou ſeen that ſiege! it wou'd have ſerv'd
Thee for an age to come, whiſt paſſing round
The flowing cann, to tell thy friends the tale.
Thus wou'dſt thou ſay, envelop'd in a cloud
Of ſulph'rous ſmoke, which broke in thunder from
The Britiſh fleet; with Britiſh thunderbolts well
Stor'd and thro' a mortal ſhow'r of ſhot, and
Shells, and leaden deaths, from cannons, mortars,
And French entrenchments ſent Amherſt, and Wolfe,
Sedately warm'd, and moſt Serenely bold,
(As if their preſence victory inſur'd)
With Britain's troops, plung'd into the flood, to
Raviſh mighty fate! to bid deſtruction
Deſiance! and outface the grim king of terrors!

Sea Off. There England's troops and tars were nobly
try'd;

And there the Frenchmen learnt, how terrible
We are, when ruſhing on in dread union,
Thirſting after fame, and eager for the battle.

Land Off. The diſpoſition for the ſiege was a
Moſt glorious toil: each ſoldier, and each
Sailor, ſtrove t'outdo each other:—

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 19

Our cannons, mortars, cohorns, bellow'd loud
Against the place; defiance thunder'd from
The forts of France; that like mount *Ætna*, and
Vesuvius, in convulsive rage, both parties fought.
Full against the town, and grand fort, *Amherst*
Bent his fury; whilst *Wolfe* attack'd, and sunk,
And burnt their ships, o'turn'd the thunder of
Their Island fort, and from the base tore up
Their ramparts! battering the front before
His storm headlong into the sea! and now
'Gainst *Dauphin* gate, his brazen engines yawn'd,
Pregnant with destruction, *Drucour*, amaz'd!
For parley call'd and gave up *Louisbourg*.

Sea Off. 'Twas high time to give it up; else *Hardy*,
And *Boicawen*, wou'd soon have made the place
Too hot for him, and from their double tiers
Have sent him such a surly summons, as
Would have puzzled him, and nonplus'd all his
Troops e'er they could recollect themselves, to
Remit them a reply of equal weight.
But my worthy friend, you forgot, or else
Omitted one great transaction of the
Siege; the ships, the ships, the boats took.

Land Off. Right: I had forgot indeed:
One night the fleet's boats, under the command
Of the bold *Balfour*, and *Laforey*, row'd
Into the harbour of *Louisbourg*, and
Amidst all the terrors of a gloomy night,
In an unfriendly port, thro' a random
Stream of death, and under cover of their
Garrison, they bravely boarded, and took
Possession of two men of war at once,
A sixty, and a seventy four gun ship!
They burnt *Le Prudent*, (which stuck a ground,)
And from the harbour tow'd *Le Bientailant*
Away!

Sea Off. We generally go through with what we
Take in hand.

20 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Land Off A few words more before we part.
 I wonder what possess'd the French nation
 To kindle up afresh the flames of war,
 Or after kindling them, still to carry
 On the war, whilst Old England own'd a Pitt;
 And for their terror on the land, a Wolfe,
 An Amherst, and a Granby, a Johnson,
 Williams, Foy, Phillips, Drummond, and Macbean;
 A Frazer, Clive, Coote, a Townshend, Elliot,
 And a Murray: With such a num'rous list
 Besides of worthies, in the triple union
 Of England, that when all fam'd Homer's boasted
 Warriors are compar'd with them, they seem a
 Few, each of them an equal to Hector,
 And a rival to fierce Mars.

Sea Off And for their scourge at sea, a Hawke, a Howe,
 A Saunders, a Pocock, and Boscawen;
 A Gilchrist, Clements, Elliot, and Logie;
 A Keppel, Rodney, Lockhart, Tyrrel, Forrest;
 A Hardy, Holmes, a Langdon, and a Suckling:
 With hundreds more, all hardy tars and good
 Commanders brave, each of whose names wou'd sound
 In a Frenchman's ears, like to a clap of Thunder!

[*Going Off.*] We've whole fleets mann'd with brave
 fellows. [Exit.

Land Off. [*Going Off.*] Whole reg'ments of heroes!
 [Exit.

S C E N E V.

*Scene draws, and discovers JACK RATLIN, NED FORE-
 CASTLE and JEMMY CHAUNTER, with several other
 sailors, in a drinking house.*

NED taking up the mug, or bowl.

Come here's success to Admiral Saunders,
 And Admiral Holmes, and to our own ship's crew:
 They're a parcel of as good fellows as
 Ever went between stem and stern of a ship. [*Drinks.*

Jack

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 21

Jack Ratt. But now I think on't, give us that new song,

Jemmy Chaunter, that you got the t'other day :

I like it Ned.

[*Turning to Ned.*

Ned. Is it about fighting? If 'tis, let's have it.

[*Jemmy rising.*] With all my heart, brothers.

[*All rising.*

I.

Come on my brave tars! let's away to the wars,

To the siege of Quebec let's advance;

Our anchor's a trip, let's away to the ship,

And bellow defiance to France.

Brave boys, &c.

II.

We'll spread ev'ry sail, with a prosperous gale,

Thro' the kingdom of Neptune we'll roam!

If we meet the French fleet, in thunder we'll greet,

We'll take 'em, or drive them all home.

Brave boys, &c.

III.

If they dare to engage, and meet British rage,

We'll bear closely down to the fight;

Yard arm and yard arm, their jackets well warm,

For that is the Britons delight.

Brave boys, &c.

IV.

When the fight is begun, lest away they shou'd run,

Our grapples shall hold us together;

'Tis a sport they don't like, we'll soon make 'em strike,

And straightway bear down to another.

Brave boys, &c.

V.

We'll range to 'em close, and a terrible dose,

For a sample, we'll send the Monfieurs;

If the fight does not end, then another we'll send,

From both of our thundering tiers!

Brave boys, &c.

VI.

On

22 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

On their quarters we'll board, with pike, pistols and
sword ;

Hawke like we will pounce on our prey ;
We'll make them our own, and their flags we'll haul
down,

For George shall be Sovereign at sea.

Brave boys, &c.

VII.

When our thunder shall break, o'er the walls of Quebec,
Monseurs ! your strong ramparts shan't save ye ;
Your heads shall all droop ! and your walls shall all stoop !
When shook by the sons of the navy !

Brave boys, &c.

VIII.

Tho' your tow'rs should arise, o'er the clouds in the skies,
Let Saunders but say that we must
Plack 'em up to the base, each fortress we'll raze,
And trample your pride in the dust !

Brave boys, &c.

IX

When we tars shall unite, with our troops in the fight,
And emulous jealousy calls,
As hurricanes sweep thro' the land and the deep,
Well sweep to destruction the Gauls ! *Brave boys, &c.*

Extunt omnes, huzzaing.

THE END OF ACT I.

A C T II:

POINT LEVI, OPPOSITE QUEBEC

IN A M E R I C A.

S C E N E I.

WOLFE, LEONATUS and BRITANNICUS, in a Tent.

WOLFE.

GOOD Providence our purpose seems to back ;
Thus far with little loss advanc'd, we may

Expect

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 23

Expect success will crown the enterprize,
Join'd by provincial troops both Orleans,
And Point Levi, well secur'd; and as our
Fleet is anchor'd in the river; and forms
A floating bulwark 'twixt this and Montmorenci;
We've little need to fear a visit from
Our enemies: Our next attempt must be
To bring them to a battle.

Leonatus. And that a glorious toilsome battle too!—
Their troops out number ours by far: Strong are
Their entrenchments, brave and experienced
Are their Generals, and other leaders:
A rough steep ascent leads to their trenches!
Rugged, fierce, and cruel are their savages:
Regulars and veterans are their soldiers:
But ours I know will stand the test, we'll have
A mortal struggle with them! and tug in
Earnest for the conquest!

Britannicus. I hope the wish'd-for day is near at hand,
When we shall meet them in the field, and put
To noble proof, their boasted veteran
Thousands, and all their scalping bands, and prove
We have Britannia's welfare at our hearts!

Wolfe. These resolutions I approve.
We came here to purchase warlike honour;
To fight and conquer, or like Britons fall;
And not to tell the dastard tale at home,
We durst not see our foes.

[*Enter a Serjeant, addressing himself to Wolfe.*]
Sir, the officer and drum are both return'd, you sent
To summon the town and garrison of Quebec.

Wolfe. Let him enter.

[*Exit Serjeant, enter Officer.*]

Wolfe, to the Officer. What answer give they to our
summons?

Officer. When I, according to your orders, Sir,
In George the Second's name, demanded both
The town and garrison, the Governor

And

24 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

And General, with others, seem'd to sneer
At my demand ; bid me advise you to
Return, and ask our Royal Master for
The keys, and a few more troops t'escort
Them to Quebec ; Their situation, they
Likewise say, is strong, and lofty ; they've near
Twelve thousand regulars entrench'd, and at
The only spot attackable, commanded
By their bold, enterprising, fortunate
General Montcalm ; and in their wonted
Gasconading boast, you cannot force the
Bars of their gates, not daring t'approach near
Enough, since Monsieur Montcalm occupies
Th' adjacent plain, and around their ramparts,
Forms an impenetrable living outwork !
Too dreadful for your near advances ! and
Before whose war you cannot stand, if he
Chose t'evacuate the trenches, and give
You battle !

Wolfe. Say they this ?

They shall e'er long, hear Britain's thunder roll !
And feel the bolt ! Our troops and tars shall roar
Them such a concert, as shall shake the strong
And lofty base of their Quebec ! and let
Montcalm take heed, or like hungry lions,
Foaming for their prey, we'll overleap his
Breastworks, and drag his Frenchmen by the heels,
Out from underground, where like moles they seem
To have buried themselves, fearing to look
At us, as if like basilisks, our eyes wou'd kill !
I cannot boast twelve thousand regulars,
With many savage scalping bands ; my troops
Will scarcely to eight thousand rise ; but these
Are gallant fellows ; and I have seen them
Try'd : They're Britain's troops ; and from Old England,
Caledonia and Hibernia drawn

Britannicus. They're the descendants of those very men,
Who fought at Cressy, Poitiers, Blenheim &c.

And

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 25

And often march'd victorious thro' the heart
Of France! and surely feel the ardor of
Their brave ancestors! But more than this, in
The last war, several gain'd great honour,
And many, we know, both officers, and
Soldiers at the late siege of Louisbourg,
Signaliz'd themselves.

Leonatus to Wolfe. I think Sir, we've enough;
Especially when I reflect, we lead
The triple union to the battle! all
Emulous of fame! most honourably
Jealous of each other! and firmly resolv'd
To bring no stain upon their mother country!

Wolfe. This promises full well.—

I must to my repose; weak nature will
No longer hold: Be it your care, Gentlemen,
To see the order of the camp, and guard
Against surprize; too much security,
Has many forts, and many armies lost.
Pardon, Gentlemen, the liberty I take,
I cannot doubt your honour, courage, or
Your prudence: Fail not I beg of using
All your eloquence, to warm the hearts of
All our troops, against the day, in which we
Shall attack the French entrenchments, which
I intend shall shortly be.

That day will bring the bravest to the test!

Britannicus. All shall be done a man can do,
And if example will have any weight,
That shall not be wanting.

Leonatus. I join my gallant brother in command,
And promise on the honour of a soldier,
On my part, that nothing shall be wanting.

Wolfe. My worthy sharers in command! my
Honourable partners of bright glory!
Adieu;—and Heav'n will speed you both.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

D

SCENE

26 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. OR,

S C E N E II.

MONTMORENCI ; (MONTCALM's Camp.) MONT-
CALM, LEVI, and BOUGAINVILLE, in a Tent.

BOUGAINVILLE to MONTCALM.

So it seems Sir, the Britons demanded
The town and garrison of Quebec, and
Have sent three young Gen'als with eight thousand
Troops on the sleeveless errand?

Montcalm. Being this day, with some others, at the
Governor's conven'd, I hear'd the British
Officer when he made the proud demand,
Which we rejected with disdain, and sent
Him back with such a message to their camp,
As will give their enterprising boasted
Wolfe, but little pleasure;
On our refusal, he denounc'd rough war,
And threaten'd dévastation to the town,
And garrison:—
And by a prisoner we have taken,
We learn that they intend shortly to storm
Us in our trenches.

Bougainville. These Britons would be thought in-
vincible,
And dream of nothing else but asking for
Our forts, our towns and garrisons, as if
The mention of their names had a magic
Charm in it! would waste our troops! and batter
Down our walls! but they're mistaken!
Where'er they land at Montmorenci, let
Us from our trenches pour down upon them,
And shouting loud as Niagara's steep
Cataract, with th' like rapidity,
Bear all down before us! leave the straggling
Offals of destruction, as delicious
Morfels for our savages! and scourge the
Insolence of their young leaders!

Montcalm.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 27

Montcalm. Be not too rash, good Sir.
We must not give them battle on the plain,
Nor carry on offensive war:
Tho' young their leaders, and their troops but few,
Their Monarch, and their Minister, are too
Sagacious to be deceived in this so
Critical a choice! (no Pompadour rules there.)
Whate'er their years, and muster roll, are found
Deficient in, depend upon it, 'tis
Over ballanc'd well, by intrepidity
Of soul! active resolution! a firm
Contempt of danger! and well try'd vet'ran
Service!

Levi. Lead we not better troops than they?
Besides, our numbers, bating savages,
Are full four thousand more; we've every male
Inhabitant within the town to back
Us, they are some thousands; why shou'd we then
Within our trenches sculk, as if afraid
To meet them in the open field? rather
Let us run them down by numbers! and as
The lordly lion serves the foremost hunters,
When they press upon him, spurn them to a
Knowledge of themselves! who fancy now they
Are superior to the common rank of
Men! or else let us make them in a forc'd
Retreat, precipitate themselves into
The sea!

Montcalm. Rather than dream of driving them before,
Us, like a tim'rous flock of sheep, let us
Prepare to stand their furious charge, when they
Like rav'nous wolves, o'erleaping sheep-folds, shall
Mount our breast-works; and plunge into our trench
Which if they shou'd, they will not fail to make
Us feel their mortal gripe!
I can repose but little confidence
In open field, in the rabble thousands
Of Quebec, and less in our savage

Bands

28 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Bands; the former, at the first onset will
Break and run; and the latter, before the
Roar of British thunder, and the bright blaze
Of northern steely death! flee horror struck!
And yelling, from the field.

Bougainville to Montcalm. You seem enamour'd, Sir,
With Britain's troops,

And to forget the worth and bravery of your own,
Montcalm. Pardon me, Monsieur;

I am not guilty of so gross a fault:
I know the worth and bravery of our troops;
And only speak th' opinion of the world
Concerning our foes; their own achievements
Loudly speak the same!—

(Waving the exploits of all former days)
Look back in our own time to Fontenoy's
Well fought! hard earn'd! and dreadful field to France!
(And that *Te Deum*'d field of Dettingen!)
Nay, bring the prospect nearer, and look back
To Louisbourg, (smoking yet in ruins!
The horrid marks of the joint well temper'd
Rage, of their Ulyssean Amherst, and
Pelidean Wolfe!) there art! and nature!
And the blustering ocean, join'd t' obstruct
Their landing! yet, with what an amazing
Intrepidity did they come on! and
Plunge amidst the foaming surges on the
Shore! choosing wat'ry death, amidst the fire
Of thousands there intrench'd! rather than be
Thought tardy in the race of honour!

Bougainville. But what avails all this, concerning these
British forces at present, come against
Quebec?

Montcalm. To put us more serious on our guards.
They're the same victorious corps and leaders!
This same young Gen'ral headed them! and with
A martial skill, and undaunted fury,
Spurr'd them on to glory! so that by his

Example

Example fir'd, an ardor ran thro' the
Ranks, quick as so many trains of powder
Blaze, when touch'd by the match, and rous'd them to
Such enthusiastic rage! no obstacle
Cou'd stop the rapid progress of their troops!

Levi. All this is granted, Sir:

But I presume the case at present chang'd:
At Louisbourg, they had twice their present
Number, and then we sent not all our troops
To obstruct their descent; but if we now
Include our savage friends, we number twice
Their troops; our twelve thousand regulars are
Veteran French, and have been often try'd
Thro' the continent; we, ourselves, have seen
Each other try'd in battle; why shou'd we
Then not meet them in the field?

Montcalm. That my resolves, and arguments, do not
Proceed from any backwardness to fight,
I to yourselves appeal.—

Bougainville. Of that we must acquit you, Sir.
We know your courage and ability;
But fain wou'd have your private reasons for
Your resolutions:

Montcalm. Hear me then with patience.
That we, I think, will stand the test, is put
Beyond dispute: That we have good and well
Train'd veteran troops I likewise grant, and
Thousands more than they; but our success must
Be the chiefest hinge, on which the affairs of
Canada must turn: This barrier pass'd,
They'll sweep onward like an inundation,
And overwhelm each Gallic settlement
in undistinguish'd ruin! and as the
Event of war was ever dubious, and
Numbers have not always conquer'd Englishmen;
Why shou'd we give them equal battle, and
Throw all at stake upon th' uncertain chance?

Levi. I see no need to fear the coming to a battle.

Bougainville

30 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Bougainville: Nor can I doubt of matching them,
When hand

To hand engag'd: Eight thousand may begin
Th' attack, and break the fury of their most
Impetuous charge; shou'd these be repell'd,
A corps de reserve of four thousand men,
By all our rough Indian tribes assisted,
May soon recover that first disorder,
Help them to rally, and with new spirits,
Face the foe: or at least they'll cover their
Retreat (in safety) to their trenches: Then
Shall we prove ourselves true sons of Mars, and
Wipe away the scandle of a dastard name.

Montcalm. Our bus'ness here is to preserve Quebec,
And with as little loss as possible;
And if from numbers we may hope success,
Let us remain intrench'd, and make th' event
More certain. The seas now swarms with English
Men of war, who intercept our transports,
And our royal fleets, therefore we can have
But little hope of a supply of men
From France: As for our invading foes, all
Their attacks must be with loss attended:
They're few already, and their troops will thin
Perhaps being harass'd, sickness may ensue,
And they'll grow weary of the tardy siege:
Then, when their spirits shall be most depress'd,
Rush we'll on them with our united force:
Beat up their sickly camp! and make them take
A bloody farwell! by which means, we shall
Preserve our troops, our honours and Quebec.

Bougainville. On cool reflection, I now see plainly,
What before did not occur: Since we are
The continetial bulwark, and with us,
Quebec must stand or fall, I do submit
To lie before its walls, and only act
On the defensive side; since through our troops
A passage must be cut into the town.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 31

Lewi to Montcalm. To your superior judgment I submit,
 And well applaud the plan of operation. (mit,
 This method may perhaps be better than
 Fitch'd battles, where one chance blow, a signal
 Misapply'd, or word misunderstood,
 May turn the sway of action, subvert the
 Best concerted schemes, and fling a conquest
 Into the arms of those, who waited but
 The signal to desert the field: And all
 The world allows, that warlike arts and skill
 Mature, (with policy apply'd) to save
 The men, and gain the cheapest victories,
 (If not the first qualifications, they
 Are) to personal bravery, the next
 Best requisite in any General.

Bougainville. to Montcalm. I've nothing to object Sir,
 To your opinion I'm entirely won.

Montcalm. Be it our chiefest care then to protract
 The siege, and save our men: Behind us lies
 Montreal, against which place, I learn the
 Gallant and experienc'd Amherst, their
 Page prime chief, 'gainst Louisbourg, is in full
 March, with near ten thousand forces, and with
 Fierce Wolfe, no doubt, intends a junction; but
 In all human probability, they
 Never can surmount each obstacle, and
 Soon enough arrive with their expected
 Aid: But shou'd that reinforcement come, the
 Less our present loss, and harrassment now
 Is, the better we shall then receive them.

Bougainville. Let us dam up th' entrance into Quebec,
 No landing place lies near the threaten'd town,
 And passible, but Montmorenci's
 Strand, below our camp, which place we'll guard full
 Well, and render inaccessible, as
 Art, and warlike terrors can.—
 In these Northern climes, the winter will come
 On apace, and frustrate ev'ry hostile

Plan

32 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Plan; their thin remains the (baffled refuse
Of repeated skirmishes) will then return
With disappointed hopes and fallen shame.

Montcalm. But when they land let us be well prepar'd
For their reception; for they'll compel us
To believe their leaders fierce! and all their
Forces brave! [Exeunt omnes]

THE END OF ACT II.

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

POINT LEVI.

WOLFE, LEONATUS and BRITANNICUS

WOLFE.

THIS distant battery avails us not;
We waste our troops and harrass out our men,
And expend our ball and powder but to
Little purpose: I long to see our foes,
And grapple with them in a close engagement.

Britannicus. In that let all our resolutions fix,
And let ev'ry movement center in that
Purpose, to Montmorenci let's transfer
The war, and with all our force united,
Steadily pursue the end we've plann'd, and
Launch destruction 'mongst their troops.

Wolfe. Your sentiments concur with mine:
To-morrow we'll attack 'em; th' Admirals
Have promis'd all th' assistance in their pow'r,
And I doubt not the hearty concurrence
Of their officers and th' English seamen.

Leonatus. All our officers and troops seem well pleas'd
And cheerfully resolv'd; they only wait
The signal for the undertaking.

Betwixt

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 33

Betwixt the soldiery and the seamen;
The sep'rate corps no more support with cool
Indifference each other's cause, nor in
Their wonted disagreement jar: All seem
To strive who shall be most alert t' exert
Themselves to gain a glorious name; and like
Gallant and faithful brothers in the war,
Aspire to stand with the most intrepid
Souls, the greatest shock of danger.

Wolfe. We will not fail on our parts to answer
Their warmest expectations, and lead them
On to take gigantic danger by the
Throat; and tho' repell'd, we'll force the Frenchmen
To confess we fought like sons of liberty.
Now let us hence to where our several
Stations call us:
Meanwhile, let us not grow tardy, but with
Redoubled fury cannonade, and ply
Them with dislodging storms of shells, as if
We meant to bury them in iron graves:
Perhaps some lucky shell, or shot, mark'd out
By fate, may do more than at other times,
A month of toilsome siege! [Exeunt omnes.]

S C E N E II.

*The stage darkened, and two men placed behind the scenes,
with speaking trumpets, one at the front, and one at the
inner end of the stage. A ship to appear.*

FRONT MAN.

Make a signal immediately for all the ships
Boats, and all the fleet to mann ship!
Inner Trumpet. Bear a hand! bear a hand my lads!
Mann the boats! and pull up!
The fire ships are coming down the stream upon us!
[Boatswain pipes forward in the ship.]
All hands, hoy!

Pipes a midship, at the middle or main hatchway.
All hands, hoy! tumble up, tumble up; there below!

F

Pipe,

34 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

Pipes abaft, or at the after hatchway.
All hands hoy !

*[A great noise within of long-boat-men ; yawlers, away,
a running fore and aft, and clattering of the oars.]*

Out barge, hoy ! a running, whurrow, whurrow,
Whurrow, whurrow, pipes to lower, pipes to stop.

Front Trumpet. Bargemen, jump into the barge, and
wait further orders:

Get the fire engine in readiness there !

Cheerly my boys ! Cheerly !

Three or four boats clap along-side of that
Headmost fire ship, and tow her ashore on the
Larboard side of the river.

*[As he speaks, a light appears on the left side of the stage.
After a pause.]*

Have you hook'd the grapples men ?

Sailor answers. We have her as safe as a thief in
a halter ;

But the tide runs strong.

Front Trumpet. Pull up briskly, half a dozen boats
more there,

And tow her plump ashore !

*[After a small time, the sailors buzz ; one bawls out,
she's safely stow'd away.]*

Front Trumpet. There let her grow ;
She makes a fine illumination :

Clear your grapples, and get off in the stream
In readiness.

*[Inner Trumpet, Lieutenant Hatchway, Front Trumpet
balloo.]*

Inner Trumpet. Here's a whole fleet of fire ships, and
fire floats,

Coming round the point :

The French are trading with Lucifer I think,
And have borrow'd th' infernal coast of him.
For this night's service.

Front Trumpet. If they've borrow'd his imps likewise

To

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 35

To conduct the machinery, we have a parcel
Of brave hardy tars, that will play their parts
Manfully in the scene, and grapple with
Any terrors which can float upon the water !

Inner Trumpet. Order more assistance here ;
They're coming down upon us six knots !
And will be close on board of us in an instant !

[*As he speaks, a great light appears.*]

Front Trumpet. Row up there one whole division of
boats !

My brave fellows ! behave like British seamen ;
There's warm duty for ye !

A Sailor answers. Never fear, Sir !

We'll tow them ashore, if the grapples hold,
Or we'll fry like sausages in the flames !

[*All whurrow, whurrow.*]

Front Trumpet. One whole division of boats ; take up
That fire ship near the two-decker, and tow
Her to starboard ; and be sure mind to grapple
The floats which miss the headmost division,
And touch them ashore.

First Officer within. Be ready with the fire engine !
Get up oars, poles, and booms there !

And mann the starboard side well !

Second Officer. Brace all the yards ; sharp fore and aft !

And mann the shrouds and yards with pole ax

Men to clear the fire ships grapples !

First Off. Run both tiers of guns out double shotted,

And bring them all to bear upon the fire ship !

Carpenters ! stand by to cut the cables !

Second Off. Pull up your starboard oars briskly my lads !

And keep her well to starboard of us :

Take care ; don't fall athwart the ship's hawse

Astern of us.

[*Sailors bawl out, Whurrow, whurrow : Never fear,
never fear.*]

Second Off. She goes clear of us :

They have her under command.

Inner

36 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

[*Inner Trumpet, Lieutenant Hatchway, Front Trumpet, halloo.*

Inner Trumpet. I can perceive no more fire floats and fire ships

Coming ; that whole division may be employ'd
In picking up such as pass'd the Point. (time,

Front Trumpet. They are all clapp'd on board by this
And greatest part of them landed on *Terra Firma* :
The most mischief they've done us, was just
To singe one of the ships sides as they pass'd.

[*All the sailors within, Huzza ! huzza ! huzza !*
Scene closes ; lights descend.

S C E N E III.

POINT LEVI: *Centinels call in this manner behind the scenes, going up the right side thrice ; that is in the front, center, and rear, All's well : The like on the left side, rear, center and front, all's well : At a distance, as on board the fleet in the river, all's well ; all's well ; all's well ; all's well ; different voices.*

WOLFE Solus, in his Tent.

! The dreadful tumult of this horrid night
Is o'er, and with its clamours are all its
Terrors vanish'd.

Stuck firm upon the shore, in harmless blaze,
These engines of destruction melt away.
Throughout the fleet the voice of safety runs,
And thro' the camp, from right to left, I hear
The centinels revolve the welcome sound.

Enter a SEA OFFICER. WOLFE to him,

I congratulate you, Sir, on this night's
Success, and the safety of all our fleet,
We have luckily escap'd the danger,
With which these fire ships threaten'd us.

Sea Off. They threaten'd us with no less than total
Ruin in one relentless blaze ! it was
A master-stroke of policy, and the

French

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 37

French had like to have rais'd the siege at one
Decisive blow. We had warm and busy
Duty, and ev'ry boat belonging to
The fleet, was well employ'd.

Wolfe. Upon this point, wrapp'd in suspense I stood,
To see the fiery deluge rolling down
Upon us, nor stir'd from hence, until each
Flame was tow'd on shore, nor fail'd to mark with
Pleasure, the transactions of the boats, and
The activity of our tars.

Sea Off. They all behav'd worthy of the same they
Have 'midst fire and smoke, in naval battles
Gain'd: when first th' alarm was giv'n to mann our
Boats, to meet and stop the fire-ships, and floats,
Turn'd adrift upon the stream towards us,
They ne'er betray'd one token of base fear,
Or backward tardiness for duty, tho'
All a-head appear'd, as if the fiery
Phlegethon had risen from its burning
Bed, and from the hostile walls, was pouring
Down it's sulph'rous torrent upon our fleet:
With all the speed that oar's cou'd make, they row'd
Amidst the gloomy danger, surrounded
On each side by floating flame! and as they
Breath'd, drew in thick clouds of suffocating smoke:
Still, as fresh ships and fire floats, came pouring
Down, new spirits and new strength they seem'd to
Gain! with busy anxious minds they boldly
Wrought, and clear from ev'ry ship they tow'd
Th' infernal flame!

Wolfe. Whilst they were busy in the burning war,
We in a vigilant suspense remain'd
For battle ready, we might repel the
Sudden onset expected from the French;
'Twas there they fail'd in policy.

Sea Off. Perhaps in courage, Sir: 'tis seldom known
They beat up English camps, or board a ship,
Except when they are greatly superior

In

38 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

In their force and numbers, and have a most Convenient opportunity.

Wolfe. England, I think is most peculiarly Happy in her naval powers; I see No cause to doubt their future conduct in This siege; we have here, brave, vigilant, and Hardy officers and seamen.

Sea Off. Their match in all his annual round the Sun sees not, so capable of duty, Or so agile in the working of the Ship, and brimful of alacrity, when Bearing down upon the foe to to battle. On the mortal verge of close engagement, I've seen their souls o'erflow with joy! and their Full charg'd hearts, like rivers rising o'er their Banks, pour out a flood of rough but apt and Daring sentiments! England exult! tell wond'ring nations round, Thy freeborn tars mock at the name of fear! Fear not my lads says ev'ry British tar, And plunges thro' the thunder of fight! Where flame and death, and war, rage in the most Tumultuous manner, there shout Britannia's Seamen, and with delight engage! (gain'd,

Wolfe. I hope they'll still deserve the name they've And live in friendly union with our troops: To morrow I intend another rough Trial of their bravery and spirit, When they shall launch our sons of Mars upon the shore.

Sea Off. I'll pawn my life our sailors will not fail, I bid you, Sir, good night.

Wolfe. The same to you, Sir. [Exit Officer.

Wolfe solus. O thou, whose never sleeping eyes pierce at One glance thro' space immense, watch o'er our camp! Retard all hostile ills! and shield us from surprise!

[Exit Wolfe, or the scene closes.

S C E N E IV.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 39

SCENE IV.

The French Camp at MONTMORENCI, MONTCALM,
and BOUGAINVILLE.

MONTCALM.

Our grand scheme is baffled, and all our hopes
From that quarter are frustrated.

Bougainville. I had such a firm reliance on it,
I thought it would surpass all human pow'r
To baffle it: I expected no less
Than universal ruin to their fleet,
To have seen their powder blaze, and all their
Stores expire in flames, whilst from their ships they
Leapt by hundreds, and plung'd to watry death
Below, t'escape the burning war above:
At least, I thought the greedy flame wou'd have
Devour'd sev'ral ships, and forc'd some others
On the shore, and some whole crews have perish'd
In the wild confusion!

Montcalm. But see how contrary last night's event!
Their sailors seem another race of men,
Whene'er compar'd 'gainst other countries tars,
And like the water, sulphur, smoke and flame!
Seem almost to be their element! they
Laugh at threat'ning danger! and play with black
Destruction!

Bougainville. They've done this night, what England
may ever
Boast, what France will scarce believe, and other
Nations stand astonish'd at!

Montcalm. Ungrateful truth! How many of us from
Our diff'rent posts, mark'd with what unconcern,
And chearful resolution, they met the
Flaming fleet! Oars mix'd with oars, like persons
Striving for the goal! the sternmost drove the
Headmost on! cheering each other with their
Noise! all full of emulation, who shou'd
Throw the grapples first! and thronging fiercely
To

40 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

To catch each flame, they form'd (if I may use
The expression) a sort of naval phalanx,
Too firm, for any of our fire floats to
Pass, and do the wish'd for execution!

Bougainville. For the future, but little from the like
We can expect: they are forewarn'd, and will
Not now be off their guard. Besides, it was
The chiefest effort we can make, and they
Who baffled this, will sneer at all our vain attempts.

Montcalm. Next we may expect to meet them on the
Shore; for flush'd with this success, and full of
Indignation at the great design, no
Doubt they'll make some desperate push, by way of
Pierce retaliation.—Let us expect
The worst, 'twill rouse us more! and if we can
Repel them now, perhaps they'll raise the siege.

Bougainville. Let them come on!—we fear them not!
We're ready!—They shall have a warm Welcome!

Montcalm. And such I hope, as will prevent their bold
Intrusion for the future. [Exeunt.]

THE END OF ACT III.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

A NUNNERY, a LADY ABBESS, and TWO NUNS.

LADY ABBESS,

OH how welcome seems the returning day,
After this night of horrors!—

1st Nun. [crossing herself] Blessed Mary defend us,
from all the

Threat'ning dangers of the succeeding night! [Exit of

2^d Nun. [crossing herself] May all the holy angels, and
Saints, be our protection this day; and the

Ensuing days, until our army drives
The enemies away.

Lady Abbess. Heav'nly Father!—[crossing herself]

Such

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 42

Such another night, for all the world I
Wou'd not choose to pass!—

Amidst the dislosion of our own guns
In the garrison, (so near us) and the
Continual discharge from Point Levi, and
The British ships, of mortars and cannon,
The city seem'd to reel; nay, the very
Ground trembled under us! whilst the whole air
Felt one unintermitted shock; and in
The undulating space, long hung the hoarse
Growling sound, like distant thunder.

1st Nun. Good heav'ns!—

How dreadful was the scene within our walls!
Debar'd the cheering company of the
More intrepid sex, to sooth our souls and
Calm our fears, each sister gave herself for lost!

2d Nun. How shocking thro' the gloom of night,
wou'd the

Discharge of their artill'ry, and mortars,
Flash like lightning, against our walls, and gleam
Horrible thro' the long range of all our
Cells! and then to raise us from the trembling
Stupor into Which the fight had thrown us,
Instantly, the terrific roar roll'd over head!

1st Nun. Methinks I yet hear the battering of
The balls! and see the shells, (like meteors)
With their flaming tails, descending thro' the air!

Lady Abbess. The shrieking sisterhood, (like a flock of
Frighten'd doves, trembling! and scatt'ring from an
Eagle fousing down) oft as they hear'd the
Voice; a shell! or flight of shells! in
Doleful accents pierce their ears, or saw the
Flaming show'r aloft, fell prostrate! kneel'd! and
Pray'd! or ran almost each a different
Way, as fear suggested; seeking shelter,
And dubious of the event!—and from our
Apartments, as they burst around us, broke
Forth a terrifying scream!—

R.

1st Nun.

42 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

1st Nun. To this without our walls, in a dismal
Concert, rung the groans, and cries, of dying
People!—Houses tumbling into ruins!—
Or perishing in flames:—Fearful mothers,
With their children crying, and thronging in
Heaps; not knowing where to fly for present
Security, and calling loud on all
The saints for help.

Lady Abbess. Alas! in vain!—
For over head would rise another show'r
Of shells, and send them screeching headlong to
A distant spot!—many too slowly fled;
For death, with unrelenting haste, follow'd
At their heels, and as a peasant cuts thro'
A grassy meadow, so he mow'd down the
Crowd!—

2d Nun. Oh terrible!—if they shou'd take the City
And we shou'd fall into the hands of these
Rough Englishmen!

1st Nun. I'm shock'd at the thought!—

2d Nun. The very idea harrows up my
Soul!—

And darts a tremor thro' every nerve!

Lady Abbess. I hope it will not happen as you fear,
We have all the saints on our sides, to pray
For us; the bold General Montcalm, (who
Has often beat them) and twelve thousand French
Soldiers, with a Canadian militia,
And some thousands of Indians, to fight for
Us, and they are not half our number.

2d Nun. But still, my good Lady they may beat us;
And then alas what may we expect will
Be the consequence!

1st Nun. to *Lady Abbess.* Our Confessors, Father
Dominic, and

Father Francis, have told us strange things,

Lady Abbess. Perhaps our good Fathers were a little
Too rash in forming their judgments, or were
Misinform'd. What their whole nation is, I Cannot

Cannot say ; but I'm told by a Lady,
Who was at Louisbourg when taken by them,
That the officers behaved with the greatest
Civility and politeness to all,
But in a more peculiar manner, to
The religious Ladies, and orders, of
All sorts ; kept the strictest decorum in
The town, among their soldiers, and stuck most
Honourably to their capitulation,
Injuring none, after the deliv'ry
Of the forts and town.

1st Nun to Lady Abbess. I'm greatly shock'd at what
our Confessors

Have told us !

Lady Abbess. My dear children, discard these fears :
I hope

The Governor will not give up the town ;
But if he should, let this calm all our doubts :
These are the men, who treated their captive
Enemies with so much humanity
And good manners at Louisbourg.

2d Nun to Lady Abbess. How know you that, Madam ?

Lady Abbess. From the same Lady, who inform'd me of
Their former behaviour. I trust we're safe
From personal insult : for where the true
Spirit of brav'ry inspires the breast of
Any Commanders in Chief, a manly
Generosity accompanies it ;
And they'll keep the troops under their command,
In good order and discipline.

2d Nun. Heav'n hear my pray'r and grant they may !
For I'm almost at my wits end !—

Lady Abbess. But for your farther comfort, my ghostly
Father tells me, we are by and by to
Have a general solemn procession,
To the church of Misericordia, to
Deprecate the ruin which threatens us,
From this invasion of our enemies.

Let

44 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Let us retire my children, and join with
Them in their petitions for victory.

This is our last, our best resource, in all
Our dangers.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E II.

POINT LEVI: WOLFE *solus*, in his Tent.

The hour is near; and swift upon the wings
Of time the minute rides, pregnant with fate!
And full of dread decision; whether we
Rout them from their fortyf'd entrenchments,
Or retreat with loss from Montmorenci,
The purple bed of honour will this day
Be throng'd with British worthies.

[*Enter an Officer.*] Sir all the forces are embark'd,
the ships

Are station'd for their cover, both officers
And men are in high spirits, and all seem
To be resolutely ready to force
The Gallic lines, and make their landing good.

Wolfe. The lover pining in the absence of
The fair enchantress of his heart, ne'er felt
Such a flood of joy rush in upon his
Soul, when she returning, charms his ears with
The well known accents of her tongue, as I
Now feel, to hear the welcome tale;—which tale,
Has rous'd me to the onset, and kindled
Ev'ry martial sentiment within my
Soul, I go, at honourable Freedom's
Call. To fight my country's battle.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Curtain falls, thunders, and a discharge of artillery, and
small arms, drums beating, and a shout of battle.
Curtain rises, and discovers Capt. OCHTERLONY
and Lieut. PEYTON, lying wounded among several
dead soldiers; Mr. PEYTON's, leg shatter'd near his
knee; he being armed with a fusée, and a dagger.
Drum beats a retreat.*]

Enter

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 45.

Enter a SERJEANT, and some GRENADIERS as retreating.

Soldier. O ! dismal sight of grief ! here wounded lie
Our Captain and Lieutenant !

Serjeant. We'll bear them off, tho' thousands dam
the pass.

[Speaking to Ochterlony, and reaching him his hand.]
Rise worthy Sir, and on my back ascend ;
Proud as a miser bears his load of pelf,
Forth rushing from a house inwapt in flame,
My willing shoulders shall sustain your weight ;
Thro' crimson floods, and numbers of the slain :
Another will your good Lieutenant take ;
The rest all opposition shall defy,
'Till we in safety shall depose our charge,
Rescu'd from death, and far from scalping foes.

Ochterlony. My gen'rous men, I ever thought you brave,
And worthy of the fame our troops have gain'd ;
I feel I have my mortal wound receiv'd,
Should I retard your quick retreat, you're lost :
I am not therefore worth the hazard of
Your lives, which yet may be of service to
Your country, and in future days revenge
My fall. Here let me lie, in painful joy,
Reflecting on my soldiers proffer'd love ;
But bear the gallant Peyton from the field,
I know his valour, and I love the man !
Perhaps the foe may one day feel his worth,
And yon his gratitude.

Soldiers. We'll take you likewise, Sir.

Ochterlony. Soldiers, no more : I will not hazard lives
So precious to Great-Britain, and my king ;
Nor at so great a price, will dearly buy
A few short painful useless moments here :
But oh ! fulfil my last my best request !
Preserve my friend ; defend his precious life ;
And bear him safely hence !

*[Ochterlony reclines on a dead body. Soldiers move
towards Mr. Peyton.]*

Peyton

46 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. OR,

Peyton. Stand off soldiers ! nor think to take me hence,
 O can ! can I bear the cruciating thought !
 How shall I when amongst our troops arriv'd
 E'er cast a look of warm reflection back,
 And in idea see my gallant friend,
 My Ochterlony ! whilst alive forsok !
 And by his Peyton ! Oh, then to see him
 Drown'd in blood ! by savage foes incircled,
 Screaming aloud th' infernal yell of joy ;
 Then see the tomak sink into his head ;
 His body mangled ; and his scalp torn off,
 Whilst he perhaps is vainly calling on
 His absent friend !—
 No Peyton near, to dart like lightning on
 Them ! and with remorseless amicable
 Fury, tread them down among their kindred
 Fiends below !

Serjeant. Consider, Sir, reject not timely aid,
 Tho' fractur'd be your bone, vigor remains,
 And youth, and time may give that part new strength ;
 Besides you yet may serve your country.

Peyton: Serjeant, thou spok'st a dagger to my heart :
 For safety, and for life, my country calls,
 Then who shall Ochterlony save ! *pausing a little.*
 It is resolv'd :—and here will I remain.

[*Speaking now in a commanding tone.*]
 Soldiers, with speed retreat while yet you may !

Serjeant. Farewel, ye brave and much lov'd officers ;
 We'd gladly bear you hence, and with our lives
 At stake defend you both won'd, you consent ;
 But here we can no longer safely stay,
 Our duty to our country calls us hence ;
 For from their lofty trenches like a flood,
 The Frenchmen pour o'er Montmorenci's field,
 And like grim furies from th' infernal coast,
 The cruel savage bands are straggling round.

[*The Indians yell.*] Hark !
 They yell the transport which they'll soon enjoy
 Amidst the scalping scene ! we promise this,

Our

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 47

Our friends once more rejoin'd, we'll rouse them to
Avenge your cause. *[Exeunt soldiers.]*

S C E N E III.

Manent OCHTERLONY and PEYTON.

ORCHTERLONY.

Oh, my dear friend, e'er 'tis too late, be gone.
Peyton, persuade me not, for I am fixt as fate!
Watchful and fierce, as is the dragon said
To stand, and guard the bright hesperian tree;
So will I guard thee from the savage foes:
Perhaps some foe of manly sentiment,
By Providence directed, may approach;
At least, before I die, amongst the scalpers
I'll spread a gloomy scene of slaughter, and
Fall with thee amidst a glorious ruin!

*[An Indian yell, Ochterlony attempts to rise, and
Peyton begins to load his fusée; the scene closes in
the mean time.]*

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Captain MACDONALD, with a party of Highlanders,
and a dead body.*

MACDONALD.

Yonder I see an English officer,
Towards him speeds a band of savages;
He seems design'd to stand on his defence,
Too great the odds!—
Three thither haste, and to his rescue fly!

[Exeunt three Highlanders with drawn swords.]
Now onward with our fallen friend. *[Exeunt omnes.]*

*Re-enter three Highlanders, with drawn swords, and Mr.
Peyton on one of their shoulders, with his fusée.*

Peyton. Soldiers, I thank you for this timely rescue:
To what officer owe I this obligation?

First Higbl. Capt. Macdonald, of Fraser's battalion,
Whose frown against the French nerves all our arms
With

48 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

With strength, and edges every sword, to hew
Him out the path to glory; he sent us:
We flew with pleasure to your aid, and flesh'd
Our steel in every scalper we could reach.

[*An Indian yell, they all face about, and Peyton claps
his fusée to his shoulder. The Indians halt.*]

Peyton. Dare they not come! then bear me onward;
For ambuscade and murder only fit;
They ne'er cou'd face th' uplifted glitt'ring steel,
Nor stand the light'ning of an English eye. [*Exeunt omnes,*

S C E N E V.

*The Camp on POINT LEVI: Enter a SEA OFFICER,
and a CALEDONIAN CHIEF.*

SEA OFFICER.

So Peyton is return'd? but Ochterlony's lost?

Caledon. Chief. That is not certain: Mr. Peyton says,
He saw him with a Frenchman, standing near
The breastwork, and therefore he has hopes.

Sea Off. Heav'n grant his hopes are true.—
But tell me Sir, what pass'd while they remain'd
Upon the field of battle? (*with*

Cal. Ch. Whilst Ochterlony's bleeding heart glow'd
Undissembled love, (which none but friends can
Feel) and pour'd out salutary wishes
For his friend, Peyton, (like a bear growling
O'er her wounded whelp) was swallow'd up in
Friendly rage, and fiercely meditated
Great revenge, if any hand should rudely
Touch his Ochterlony.

Sea Off. Well worthy they the names of soldiers and
Of friends:—What ensu'd? (*carnage,*

Cal. Ch. Not long they lay in pain, 'midst blood and
E'er two fell savages towards them came,
Whose cruel meins, and ireful eyes, declar'd
Their rugged souls ne'er felt a tender thought,
Join'd by a Gaul, as savage as themselves;
These wounded Ochterlony several times,

For

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 49

For he unfortunately was unarm'd,
And saw no friendly weapon in his reach,
With which to deal the Caledonian blow,
And like a dying lion, fall amidst
The slaughter of his hunters!

Sea Off. Oh, barbarous and inhuman! to wound
A man at mercy, and a prisoner!—
But proceed.

Cal. Ch. He of their outrage to his friend complain'd;
Quick as a spirit answers Merlin's call,
The magic sound rous'd Peyton from the earth;
(Who in his friend's danger forgot his own :)
He frown'd in flame, and sent the leaden fate!
Death seiz'd a savage, and he groan'd his last!
His mate upon th' Hibernian quick advanc'd;
They both fir'd, both wounded were, yet both stood;
The savage steth'd his bay'net in his side;
His fractur'd leg, and loss of blood forgot,
Peyton's left hand his next thrust parry'd well,
And flung wide off the sanguin'd point! whilst from
His side his right a dagger drew, so well
The bold Hibernian play'd the steel, he sheath'd
It in his cruel heart! and spurn'd the vanquish'd
Savage to the ground!

Sea Off. You fill my mind with pleasing wonder!

Caled. Chief. I tell you nought but truth; and more
can add,

How French artillery on Peyton play'd,
Thund'ring applause, and roaring loud acclaim!
What further happen'd you already know.

Sea Off. But think you not we made a fierce attack
Upon the French?

Caled. Chief. We did indeed—and a horrid
Scene it was!

The bellowing engine of the skies began
To growl! o'er the summit of the hill a
Gloomy horror low'd! and down the clouds pour'd
Their liquid torrents, and sheets of sulph'rous

G

Flame

50 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

Flame ; a prelude to that storm, which from the
French camp soon after roar'd in pond'rous show'rs
Of lead ! High over-head th' æthereal
Fragors broke ; against our front the Gallic
Artificial thunder roll'd ! on ev'ry
Side our friendly infantry, and cannon,
Help'd to make the rattling concert up !
(Celestial and terrestrial lightning mix'd.)
The French artillery, and small arms, swept
Whole platoons away, and cut wide lanes of
Carnage ! among the landing troops and boats,
In flaming show'rs, the countless bombs came down,
And in dislosion made promiscuous havoc ?
So that thro' floods of flame, and deluges
Of death, our men rush'd on to battle !

Sea. Off. And did like men full well acquit themselves :
As well they might, when they had such a bright
Example set by Monckton, Wolfe and Townshend,
To rouse a noble emulation in
Their souls ; and their diff'rent corps were headed
By many other leaders brave, old in
Renown, and well accustom'd to look death
And danger in the face. (men see

Caled. Chief. We made the attack to let the French-
We fear'd not death in any form, but might
As well have thought of plucking mountains up
By the roots, as of dragging Montcalm and
His troops per force, against their wills, out of
Their subterraneous caverns, or else, to
Speak more proper, from their lofty furrow'd
Precipices of the rocks, for trench on
Trench rose, dreadfully beyond each other,
And made a terrible gradation
In the hill, as if they meant to sleep with
Clouds for curtains to their deep entrenchments,
And doubted the common surface of the
Globe too low for safety.

Sea Off. Our Gen'als, at the disappointment, seem
Chagrin'd

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 51

Chagrin'd, but undismay'd, and wait with fierce
 Impatience for an opportunity,
 To wipe the mem'ry of this foil away;
 When, as the sun blazes from an eclipse,
 They may rise more terrible in a storm
 Of vengeance, from this disaster, run their
 Gloomy courses and set in Gallic blood.
 I understand, as soon as possible,
 They are resolved to storm the town, or force
 Them to a battle distant from their trenches. (our

Caled. Chief. These are the leaders for me, and these
 Country will revere.

Like the well-fed stallion in the stall, when
 He scents the female, at th' alarm of war,
 Their active souls grow restive; disdain the
 Bounds by nature circumscrib'd, wou'd break the
 Stubborn dam, and thro' the battle wing their
 Way, to wed dame honour in the bloody field.
 We came not here to sleep our time away,
 And then return, and then tell our friends we saw
 Quebec and Montcalm's camp, from Levi's Point,
 Made one attempt (which, like a flash of powder,
 Vanish'd into smoke) and then grew tir'd of the siege.

[*Looking on his watch:*

Let us be gone, our duty calls, and that
 Shou'd never be neglected by a soldier,
 But especially on hostile ground.

[*Exeunt*

S C E N E VI.

POINT LEVI. WOLFE, LEONATUS, BRITANNICUS
 and two CALEDONIAN CHIEFS, sitting in a Tent.

Wolfe, [*with a letter in his hand, speaking and looking,
 as if partly reading the letter.*]

Gentlemen;

From our worthy brother Amherst comes this
 Advice; that as the distance 'twixt us is
 So wide, and Montreal well garrison'd,
 Dams up the road thro' which he needs must march,
 And

52 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA :OR,

And with his pow'r unaided, force a pass
Thro' their entrenchments, ambuscades, defiles,
And deep morrasses, must clamber rocks and
Hills, and thro' whole forrests hew, beset with
Savage nations, and French troops, possess'd of
Most advantageous posts; being well assur'd,
He of necessity must fight thro' all
The congregated force of Canada,
E'er he can effect a junction with us;
He therefore thinks it necessary to
Inform us, 'twill be full late before he
Comes, if he arrives at all; especially
When he considers, how necessary
His presence is, where he now remains with
All his forces: He therefore recommends
Us to the care of Providence, trusting
In the goodness of our cause, and concludes
With strong assurance, he will join us if
'Tis practicable.

Cal. Ch. If Sir Jeffery Amherst cannot join
Us with those gallant troops he leads (which we
Indeed cou'd wish) let us not waste the short
Liv'd season in fruitless wishes, and a
Distant war, or grieve because the French by
Us are not out-number'd; but let us, as
Has before been hinted, by some means gain
The Height of Abraham, and in Montcalm's
Sight invest their walls; no doubt 'twill rouse the
Frenchmen to a battle; and when they shall
Advance to fight, we will upon ourselves
Rely; and in our front shall march stern fate!
Sustain'd on either wing by gloomy terror!
Intrepidity shall head the main corps!
And bold resolution shall bring up the
Rear, and serve us in the stead of numbers.

Britann. If Gen'l Amherst joins us not, yet he
Will be of service to us, shou'd we be
Still compell'd to carry on the Siege by

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 53

Slow degrees: He keeps in awe the inland
Pow'rs around, and is a crub on each fort,
And Canadian settlement the French have
Got: Full in the center of their diff'rent
Corps he lies, and like a couchant lion
In the path, fiercely waits to leap upon
His prey, should they e'er dare attempt to join,
And Montreal seems terrify'd but at
The rumour of his near approach, from whence
We may expect they will detach no force
Against us.—But I'm for speedy work, and
Gallant actions, well becoming Englishmen.

2d Cal. Cb. Let us strike some noble blow, and make an
Attempt worthy of ourselves, before a
Sickness seizes on our camp, or sluggish
Inactivity benumbs the spirits
Of our men.

Leonatus. Tho' brave and experienced the Gallic
Commanders; veteran and more num'tous
Their forces, with all the advantages
On their side, of art and nature; such are
The officers we have with us, and such
The sev'ral corps they lead, on them I
Ground my eager hopes of victory, and
Dare to hazard all a soldier can hold
Most dear, both life and honour, on equal
Footing, in a close engagement with our
Enemies.

[*Wolfe, &c. rising.*]

Wolfe. Gentlemen!

I feel a mighty pleasure in my mind,
To see the forward dispositions of
Your souls, Which I esteem in our other
Leaders have observ'd likewise, nor do the
Soldiers seem to want th' ingredient
Necessary for my plan.—
This day I'll call a council, wherein I
Will propose (and doubt not but 'twill meet the
Wish'd-for approbation) that our army

Be

54 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Be e'er night embark'd in boats, with ev'ry
Necessary disposition for a
Battle, which boats shall row some miles beyond
Quebec, upon the tide, and when that tide
Returns, then wrapt in silence, and the gloom
Of friendly night, we'll gently downward glide
Upon the stream, and at the foot of that
Rough precipice, whose top communicates
With Abraham's Height, we'll land unseen, and
Up the stony steep we'll climb, 'till we have
Gained the level summit, and when Aurora
Ushers o'er the hills the car of day, all
Rang'd in order firm, and dread array of
War, we'll shout her such a welcome, as shall
Make Quebec's rocky base to tremble! and
Wake each Frenchman out of his lethargic
Dream of vain security!

Leonatus. This project suits my disposition well.
Methinks I can already see both fronts
In battle join'd; and every soldier
Pressing onward to the goal of glory!
Now their white ensigns beaten down, are all
Bestain'd with Gallic gore, and wear a purple
Dye! [*recollecting himself*] the thought transported me.
But here upon my sword [*drawing*] I swear [*kissing it*]
I from

That field will ne'er return, till victory
Is ours, or I'm born off with bleeding marks
Of honour.—

Britannicus. And on my sword [*drawing his sword*]

I swear [*kissing it*] with heart resolv'd,
And resolution firm to struggle for
The palm of victory, and if we fail,
I'll not think life worth care, to save it by
A forc'd retreat.

First Caledonian Chief, [*drawing his sword.*]
By this good blade I swear [*kissing his sword*] which
never prov'd
Unfaithful to my arm, nor fail'd me in

The

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 55

The greatest need ; I'll put it once more to
The noblest test, and thro' the thickest ranks
Of Gauls, will hew my way victorious,
And make it blaze a bright example to
My corps, or fall that day, to be enroll'd
In future annals, among the worthy
Warriors slain on Abraham's Height.

Second Caledonian Chief, [drawing his sword]
I kiss [*kissing his sword*] this burnish'd steel, in token of
My great reverence for a soldier's name ;
And promise by my hope of future fame
In war, to make the foes of Britain feel
Its mortal weight ; duty nerves my willing
Arm, and honour gives the blade an edge ; with
This I'll strive to rouse my troops to action,
And at the head of my battalion rush
Towards Quebec, leading to conquest : But
If retain'd at bay, by groves of bay'nets,
And show'rs of shot, we bear not down the thick
Obstructing ranks of Frenchmen, retreat we'll
Scorn, deal death for death ; and make them (as at
Fontenoy) purchase mournful victory.

Wolfe. [drawing his sword] Mine be the task to rati-
fy the whole : (have
I likewise swear [*kissing his sword*] upon my sword, I'll
For conquest in the face of danger ;
If human resolution can effect
The same, vict'ry shall be ours : we'll ravish
Her my friends to-morrow ! for if she's shy,
And seems about to quit us, we'll summon
All our manly strength, and fortitude of
Soul, arrest her forward steps, and pluck her
Back again ; at least we can do this, earn
Honourable deaths, and fall amidst a
Monumental pile of glory, which we
Ourselves whilst living rais'd around us ! and
Sampson like, drag with us to the grave whole
Cohorts of our foes !

For

56 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

For vanquish'd, I will never more return.
Montcalm! I come, arm'd with angry Britain's
Vengeance, to scourge European scalpers,
And Canadian savages, and stand
Thy rival in the fiercest shock of battle! [*Exeunt amidst*
THE END OF ACT IV.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

MONTMORENCI, the FRENCH CAMP.

MONTCALEM and LEVI.

MONTCALEM.

I'VE just receiv'd intelligence, that all
The English army is embark'd in boats,
And one division is already swiftly
Row'd beyond Quebec; the rest by all their
Motions, seem inclin'd to follow them.

Levi. Then doubtless they'll attempt to land so near
As possible;
Shou'd we not, Sir, endeavour to oppose
And repel them, or give them a baneful
Welcome?

Montcalm. Of that I've taken care.—
I've order'd Monsieur Bougainville
To draw out two thousand from the camp, and
Watch their motions: He marches this way,
And will soon be here for orders.

[*French drums beat a march.*]

He comes with hasty steps and pleasure in his looks.

Enter Bougainville, addressing himself to Montcalm.
Sir, your orders are obey'd:
I've march'd two thousand from the camp, men well
Resolv'd and eager to perform the duty you impos'd.

Montcalm. 'Tis well Sir;—
May they answer our best expectations.
Proceed you now, and lead these men to the

Banks

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 57

Banks of the river, and wait in ambush
For the landing of the British troops, and
Choose your posts as time and circumstances
Will permit, to the best advantage.
As they row up the river, be sure you
Upward march likewise; whene'er they stop, then
Halt; if they fall down the stream, retreat with
Them, that in ev'ry shape (like their evil
Genius) you may keep pace with them; and on
Their debarkation, be ready boldly
To receive them, in a show'r of leaden
Vengeance, wing'd with flame.

Bougainville. Be not afraid Sir, but we'll receive them
As we ought; for tho' they land, cloth'd in all
The terrors their boasted dreadful triple
Union can assume, I doubt not but we
Shall bring back with us, a good account of
These few audacious Britons. [Going.]

Montcalm. But mark me well, Sir, should they down-
ward bend

Their course, and row as if they meant to reach
Quebec, or Levi's Point again, then
Dispatch me word immediately, and with
Your main corps follow the messenger to
The camp, with all the speed you can.

[Exit Bougainville bowing. French troops beat a march.]

Levi. Think you, Sir, Monsieur de Bougainville
Has troops enough with him, to repeal all
The British forces, should they attempt to land?

Montcalm. All things together weigh'd, I think he has;
He and his corps have often trod the ground,
And in the darkest night can measure out
Its distance well: No thought of ambush can
Alarm them, they tread on friendly ground, and
Are you know sustain'd by savages, train'd
Up to night adventures, and to lurking fights:
These Britons ne'er saw the ground, but at a
Distant view; and when they land, will tread at

H

Each

58 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Each uncertain step a hostile shore, and
Must come on in dread of pitfalls, breast-works,
Entrenchments, batteries, and ambuscades ;
And when they shall receive the fire from our
Two thousand, their own fears, and the horrors
Of the night (full of black uncertainty)
Will multiply them to ten thousand strong.

Levi. From which I may presume you wou'd infer,
They'll soon retreat back to their boats, or fall
A daring sacrifice, by a brisk fire,
Kept up by our troops and friendly Indians.

Montcalm. I do infer no less : —
Yet policy suggests I shou'd not march
The main body thither, lest they evade
Us, and in the night returning, make good
Their landing at Montmorenci, and seize
Upon our camp untenable by few.
You've not forgot the fierce attack they made
On all our troops, in their first bold attempt.
And this I have t' observe, shou'd Bougainville
Be put to rout by rage unparallel'd,
And their rough impetuous charge, they know
Each avenue and path, and safely can
Retreat, whilst we to sustain them march out
With all our force, oppose rage to rage, check
The furious ardor of their souls, and from
Their weary troops, ravish with ease th' infant
Victory.

Levi. I'm satisfy'd, and cannot doubt success.

Montcalm. Let us to the camp repair, and put all
In order for an attack upon us,
Or an evacuation ; these Britons
Are not to be despis'd : they surely are,
I fear, meditating some grand design.
The gath'ring storm must e'er long fall somewhere ;
And on that dubious hour the Gallic
Honour, Canadia's well, our own bright fame,
Britannia's enterprize, and Wolfe's rising
Glory hangs.

When'er

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 59

Whene'er it falls, I'll face the low'ring storm,
 Let death put on th' most tremendous form;
 With Wolfe I'll grapple for the laurel crown,
 Tho' mighty fate against my purpose frown:
 Yet if I fall, in death, 'tis some relief, Chief!
 Britons were foes I fought, and wond'rous Wolfe their

[*A woody scene, as if on the top of a bill, or precipice;
 and as near to the front as possible, to make room for the
 more ample scene of the Height of Abraham soon After.*]
 [Colonel behind the scenes.]

Advance briskly on them, my brave fellows!
 Climb that precipice, and close with the enemy!

[*A discharge of small arms and a shout.*
Enter several French soldiers, retreating before an English
Colonel, at the head of some light infantry: As they run
across the stage, scene draws, and discovers a larger
view of the Height of Abraham.

S C E N E II.

The HEIGHT of ABRAHAM: WOLFE, LEONATUS, and
BRITANNICUS, at the head of the troops; they all shout:
 WOLFE.

At length we've gain'd an ample footing on
 This Height of Abraham (to which my soul
 With ardent wish hath long aspir'd) and are
 Advanc'd upon the glorious edge of battle:
 I will not ask my gallant soldiers, if
 You're ready; th' alacrity with which you
 Have explor'd the gloomy winding of this
 Ascent, and the brisk manner in which you
 Clamber'd up, surmounting all obstacles,
 Declare to me with greater certainty
 Than words, you're ready.

(*lutions*

Britannicus. Each low'ring brow declares the reso-
 Of their hearts, and indicates th' heroic
 Workings of their souls; in every face
 I read a warm impatience for th' onset
 As if they'd say, why stand we here in cool

Deliberation

60 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Deliberation? Let us to closest

Fight advance, our foes may see us frown, and

Mark each lifted arm descending with the

Mortal blow, that we may hew thro' the front

Of their battle, and trample down their rear. (great in

Leonatus. Who falls this day, may well be deem'd

His death; and worthy of a British Patriot's name!

How much our absent and worthy friends of

Freedom will envy us each glorious wound we feel!

Wolfe. Oh! what a beaming blaze of victory,

Love and never-dying fame, will crown each

Rich survivor's head! who helps this day to

Rout the num'rous French, and scourge their scalping

Friends, (those bands of human brutes,) back to their

Lurking, dens and native wilds again!

Now beat our drums, and sound each instrument

Of war, whilst we march onward to the field

Of fame.

[*Drums beat, instruments sound.*]

[*Exeunt, beating a march.*]

S C E N E III.

Scene draws, and discovers MONTCALM sitting in his Tent.

Enter LEVI.

Levi. Sir, there's a rumour in our camp, that all
Th' English troops are ranging on the Height of
Abraham, if so, we may soon expect them here.

Montcalm. It cannot be!—wou'd they dare attempt it?

They cannot have eluded Bougainville's

Caution!—He has not inadvertently

Let them pass; and surely all our out-guards,

And centinels, have not been wrapt in one

Fatal delusion, all conspiring to

Retard a timely notice of their landing.

Perhaps a desperate few have straggled

Thither, in order to amuse our troops,

Whilst others strike an unexpected blow:

Draw out a small detachment from the camp

Against them.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 61

Levi. Nay, had they ev'ry man they've brought against
Quebec on Abraham's Height, I shou'd esteem
It but the forlorn hope of Britain.

Montcalm. Let my orders be executed, and
Bring me word immediately how matters go. [*Exit Levi.*]

Montcalm solus. If all their troops are there, they'll
gives us work
Enough his day to drive them thence, and prove,
I fear, a dear bought victory to France.

Re-enter LEVI, in more haste.

Sir! I fear it will require our utmost
Efforts to repel the storm which threatens
Us! There's scarce a man of all the English (long
Troops, but now treads Abraham's Height! with head
Rage they stumbled up the precipice! and
With Herculean fury, their bombardiers,
And sailors, drag up th' artillery, and
With their light arm'd infantry, in equal
Pace they roll the brazen thunder onward!
They have already taken possession
Of the forts which guarded the ascent, and
Turn'd the guns upon our flying parties,
Who as they mingle with our forces, in
The out lines of our camp, spread terror.

[*Montcalm rising, and drawing his sword.*]

Then now 'tis time to rouse, and stir ourselves!
Let the drums beat to arms! and call forth all
The pow'r within our camp; we'll onward march
To meet them; and before our walls, in pretence
Of our friends, shall both our battles close. [*Exit Levi.*]

Montcalm solus. These Britons will compel us to hazard
All on equal footing on the plain, or
Force us tamely to sit down entrench'd and,
See Quebec by them beleaguer'd; but e'er
They shall do that, death or victory, shall
Be mine.

This day the fates weigh Britain against Gaul;

Wolfe

62 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Wolfe, thou must bleed, or flee, or I will nobly fall. [Exit.

[The French drums beat to arms.]

S C E N E IV.

[Scene draws, MONTCALM and a FRENCH Officer at the head of his troops; the French drums beating a march.]

Montcalm. Halt.

Enter LEVI.

Montcalm. Are all our Indians dispos'd of to the Best advantage?

Levi. They are, Sir;—

*And as fierce tigers from their covert, eye
Th' approaching kids and couchant lick their chaps,
Anticipating the delicious banquet;
They in their close ambush lurk, with furious
Expectation, viewing the British troops,
Waiting for the welcome signal to fall
Upon their broken rear, or else pick up
The scatter'd remnant of their flying forces:*

*Montcalm. Since they seem to like the chase so well, I
Hope we'll give them sport enough e'er long.*

[turning to the soldiers,

*Now my brave countrymen, remember you
Are to fight in the cause of Lewis, the
Well-beloved of his people; you fight
Likewise your country's battle; and I may
Add, many of you here fight for wives, and
Children, and possessions; and if any thing
Can wake your dormant rage, and kindle up
A flame of valour in your souls, all these
Considerations can.*

[they

*French Off. Altho' their army's greatly thinn'd, and
Can scarcely number full five thousand strong,
And we, (excluding all our savages,)
Can muster twice their tale, yet think not they
May be easily repell'd; altho' we
Have no room to doubt of victory, if
We behave like men of spirit, who have
Their country's good at heart, yet march into*

The

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 63

The field forewarned thus, with courage firm,
Boldly prepar'd for the severest trial
Of your manhood, and meet resolutely,
Expecting th' impetuosity of their charge.

Montcalm. If you'd acquit yourselves as soldiers shou'd,
Who wish their King and country well, and long
Have thirsted for an opportunity,
To staunch your bleeding mother's wounds, and to
Retrieve her long lost honour ; you must not
Think meanly of them, but call up all the man
Within your souls, and bravely blaze, absorb'd
In valour's fame !

Intrepidly resolv'd, and skilful, are
Their leaders, and commanders ; rough, fierce and
Veteran, are their soldiers ; and in their
Defeat, great won'd be our fame !
Let us march to meet them.

[Exeunt. drums beating a march : Scene closes.]

S C E N E V.

WOLFE, at the head of the troops ; a march beating ; and
opposite, as from MONTCALM's camp, enter an English
Officer, addressing himself to WOLFE.

Sir, I came from reconnoitring Montcalm's
Camp, where with all the haste they're masters of,
They're arming, evacuating the trenches,
And forming on the plain ; they seem inclin'd
To save us the trouble of forcing their
Entrenchments, and in a few minutes we may
Expect them here. *[Wolfe, turning to the soldiers.]*

Now the completion of your wishes is
At hand ! you no more shall pant for war, and
With impatience glow, chiding the tardy
Hours which roll'd inactively away,
Nor shall you ask indignantly again,
When shall we meet and rush upon our foes ?
And battle with them, bay'net to bay'net,
Sword to sword, front to front, and man to man ?

[They all shout, and several call out.]

Lead

64 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

Lead us on to glorious death, or victory!
To glorious death, or victory! lead us on!

An Officer advances from the rear.

Wolfe. Is the artillery well advanc'd?

Officer. They have already gain'd the rear,
And t'wixt the flanks of diff'rent corps, they are
Advancing to the front with intrepid
Haste, and ready to eject their mingled
Storm of lead and iron, to deform the
Hostile ranks of war.

Wolfe. When they have gain'd the front, (pregnant
with fate)

Let our fulminating engines bellow
Britannia's salutation to the French;
'Midst which we will advance, careering in
The thunder storm.

Are all the corps dispos'd of as I order'd?

Officer. Col'nel Howe, and his light infantry, are
Drawn in a semicircle round our rear, and
Left flank, and form an offensive moving
Bulwark against th' incursions of such foes,
As may be lurking in the adjacent coppice,
Where doubtless all their Indians sculk:
Ev'ry other officer, and corps, fill their
Stations in the field.

Wolfe. Then we are ready for the onset:
Good Providence! befriend us.

Officer. Whilst traversing the field, from rank to rank,
I found a sympathetic resolution
Spread from man to man; each leader glowing
With an indignant noble emulation
For glory, (with sparkling eyes, brimful of
Fierce delight, and steady countenance) strove
To animate his corps, who stood alert:
And when the drums began to beat, join'd with
The shrill fifes, when the brisk clangors of the
Trumpets echo'd thro' the ranks, and the deep
Throated cannons roar'd a dread prelude to

The

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 65

The battle, their gen'rous souls dilated
With a warlike pride! then (like Job's war-horse)
They bid adieu to fear, and with genuine
Freeborn ardor, eager for close action,
Join'd in loud concert with the martial grand
Enliv'ning melody; sending forth their
Wonted cheering shouts of exultation!

Wolfe [turning to the soldiers.] In view, before us lies
the plenteous field

Of martial glory, in which this day we
Are to reap, with honourable toil, a
Matchless harvest of renown: Now is the
Time to serve our country well, to spread the
Terror of our Sov'reign's name, and with a
Freeborn flame rush into battle.

Let glory warm our emulating hearts,
Like men in Britain's cause, to play our parts:
'Gainst Montcalm now, let us defiance roar,
And fate's untrodden path resolv'd explore:
And when the dreadful conflict is begun,
Let each remember he's a Briton's son;
Each recollect Great Britain's wholesome laws,
Let each reflect he fights in freedom's cause;
Then glowing with the thoughts, we'll charge our foes;
Lighten like Jove, and deal our riving blows.

[Scene closes, drums beat a short march on both sides, then a
point of war; a discharge of artillery and small arms, a
shout of battle, and Indians yelling: Scene draws and
discovers General Wolfe wounded in the wrist; an Officer
attending.]

Officer. You bleed, Sir.

Wolfe. The ball graz'd my wrist. [Sir ?]

Officer. Shall a Surgeon be call'd to dress the wound,

Wolfe. Call no Surgeon for a wound so slight as this.

[Taking out his handkerchief, and wrapping it round his
wrist]

We waste the precious moments! whilst all are
Upon the wing to honour! See, where the

I

Anstruthers

66 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Anstruthers and Caledonians, with a
Mutual emulation, hew thro' the thick
Obstructing ranks of Frenchmen; and as they
Lift their burnish'd steel, they fling a transient
Gleam of terror round!

And see, where every other corps with
Bayonets fix'd, to close engagement throngs!
Let us my friend among'em speed, and in
Their front rush foremost to their goal of glory!

[*Exeunt, in haste.*]

[*A shout of battle, Indians yelling.*]

Scene draws. LEVI and a FRENCH OFFICER in disorder.

Levi. The battle will be irretrievably
Lost, without a sudden turn!

Gen'ral Montcalm, and others are wounded!
The wings give way! the main body is broke!

Officer. The Indians faintly squall their horrid yell
Of onset! and in their thick abushment
Riveted agape, they gazing stand as
Thunderstruck!

[*work*]

Levi. Heav'ns! that such a handful of men should
So much confusion!

Run!

Rally the broken troops, and make them stand;
Whilst I head and spirit up the main corps,
'Till Bougainville's reinforcement arrives.

[*Exeunt severally, in haste.*]

[*Montcalm brought in by two, his thighs wrapp'd up
and bloody.*]

Montcalm. Each Englishman this day behaves, as if
He wore Medusa's head! with Gorgon frowns
They look some Frenchmen pale and stiff with horror!
Whilst with averted looks, others retreat
With a Mercurial speed!

1st. Soldier. Where'er they face, our troops retreat;
Or else they pierce and hew a lane of carnage out.

2d. Soldier. Our army dares as far as men can do;
But who can stand the charge of these

Impetuous

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 67

Impetuous Britons!

The day is theirs! Quebec must fall!

Montcalm. And Canada is lost!—Alas my country!

As the roaring thunder, on the rapid
Wings of keen lightn'ing, bursts resistless thro'
The sturdy oaken grove, scorches, and rives,
And lays its stubborn honours low, to the
Furious Britons break thro' our thickest ranks!
And as a cold blight nips tender blossoms,
The fierce Wolfe blasts all the former honours
Of my life! he tears with greedy hand the
Fading laurels from my head! and rises
Into glory, whilst in disgrace I set!

Bear me into Quebec:

[*Exit.*

[*Montcalm, as they go off.*

Canada shakes!—my country bleeds!—my honour's
lost!]

[*Greans, ab—*

*Enter LEONATUS, supported by two soldiers, his hand to
his lungs.*

Leonatus. I'll fated bullet!—

In its rapid flight, I fear it pierc'd my
Lungs, and threatens painful dissolution.
If we gain the vict'ry, welcome death: my
Wound would plead with sanguin'd eloquence for fame:

[*Looking back, as he looks back, a shout*

I must quit the field!

For tho' my spirit is resolv'd, yet the
Poignant torments, and expence of blood, roll
Cooling tremors ro my heart, and weigh frail
Nature down.

Soldier. Sir, as we pass'd the rear with you, I think
I saw General wolfe bearing of this
Way between four.

Leonatus. Cease the unwelcome tale!

That news pierc'd thro' my soul and from the near
Exhausted fountain of my heart, roll'd a
Fresh purple stream of life!—yet still I'll hope.

[*Going off, and looking back.*

Oh!

68 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Oh! Townshend!

What an harvest of immortal glory,

Wilt thou reap this day!

[*Exeunt.*

[*As they go off, enter four soldiers, bearing General Wolfe; an Officer attending.*]

Wolfe. Here let me rest awhile:—

My wounds grow painful.— *Speaking to the Officer.*

Pray tell me, Sir, how goes the battle?

For hearing is the chiefest sense I've left:

A chilly damp of gloom hangs o'er my sight,

And seems to wrap me in a waking dream.

Officer. Firm as a rock amidst the billows plac'd,

Our little army stands the furious charge

Of their ten thousand vet'ran troops!

And at an awful trembling distance held,

The savage yelling bands, (with horror struck)

Howl out their rage against the gallant Howe,

And his small corps of infantry, yet dare

Not come within the fascination of

Their eyes, nor meet the piercing terrors of their frowns!

Wolfe. Discern you this for certain?

Mock me not: I beg with vain delusive

Hopes in my last moments.—

[*Officer, clapping his hand to his breast.*

Upon my honour, Sir, I discern it well.

Wolfe. Now fate retard thy speed;

Oh death inexorable! stop! stop thy dart!

Already level'd at my breast! that my

Glad soul may take its flight, amidst the shouts

Of my victorious countrymen!

[*Groans.*

Officer. Now front to front they close and man to man

They stand, and urge the steely arguments

Against each others breasts! Pikes, bayonets,

And halberts meet and clash together!

Others with batt'ring firelock's clubb'd, engage,

And pound to death their rough opponents! and

All around the glitt'ring deaths, in show'rs of

Steel descend!

Wolfe

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 69

Wolfe. I'll lay me back, and rest awhile,
Perhaps this cooling tremor may wear off.

[*Lays back against a soldier, (sitting for that purpose)*
as he falls back groans, and lies as dead.

Officer. The Gallic standard backward seems to move!
And in a disarray thsir colours seem!
Near their pale flags our blood red ensigns wave!
And in conjunction mortal, spread the plain!
'They still recede! and ours as swift advance!
Our wings and main corps boldly cross their lines!
They've beaten down the oriflamme of France!
And now they trample it in Gallic gore!
And like a rapid inundation, they
Mix promiscuous with the hostile ranks,
Repelling the impetuous torrent of
The foes, gorging voracious death with whole
Platoons!—

Surely towards Quebec our forces rush!
And all their vet'ran thousands quick retreat!
Oh now they scatter!—now they flee full speed!—
Victory!—Victory!—by heav'ns they run!

[*A shout of victory, and Indians yelling.*

[*Wolfe raising himself in haste.*]

Who runs?—that sound recall'd me into life!—
Surely my fearless Britons do not run!—
Now I'm well!—bear me into the battle!—
Amidst the greatest rout there set me down!
My soldiers will not leave me!
The glorious tumult of the war, has charms
To stay my fleeting soul some short moments!
And the bright implements of death shall give
New day to my benighted eyes, and light
Me where to snatch at victory with my dying grasp!

Officer. Your fears are needless, Sir:
For in a total rout the foe is fled:
Your soldiers chase them headlong to their walls!
They kill! run down! and take at pleasure! and
Never was victory more compleat!

Wolfe

70 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

Wolfe. My glory's race is run!—my country's serv'd!
Quebec is conquer'd—Great George is victor!—
I wish no more; and am compleately satisfy'd. [*Exit.*]
Scene changes to LONDON. SOPHRONIA'S House:

Enter SOPHRONIA, and a GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman. Madam there's a report in town, Québec
Is taken.

Sophronia. How comes the news?
I might expect to have heard as soon as
Any: Heav'n grant all is well.—

Gent. I hear there is an express arriv'd to
His Majesty.

Soph. An express arriv'd! [*sighing*] and is it possible
My son can have forgotten me!—my heart
Forbodes all is not well with him—[*sighing*] know you
The particulars? [*flutter'd*]

Gent. Madam, I could not obtain a knowledge
Of them.

Soph. That was unkind indeed not to enquire;
The friendship that has so long time subsisted
Between you, and all the fond endearments
Of your youth together, methinks shou'd have
Prompted you to gain a recital from
The messenger, of all concern'd my son.
I shou'd have had a thousand fond queries,
And dwelt with rapture on his bravery,
List'ning with delight to the melodious
Tale of honour.

Gent. Too much I know.

[*Aside.*]

To her. I have enquir'd, but could not get the whole
Intelligence.

Sophronia aside.

His solemn looks, like to black gath'ring clouds
Preceding a thunder storm, seem to me,
The dismal harbingers, to warn me of
Th' approaching storm of grief!

To him. Learnt you any thing, Sir! [*eagerly.*]
Oh! tell me, tell me! [*sighing*]

Gent.

THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC. 71

Gent. I learnt your son gave the Frenchmen battle
Before Quebec, in which he sev'ral wounds
Receiv'd, but still rush'd fearless onward to
The goal of glory, heaping new honours
Upon those already gain'd, and at length
Obtain'd the hard disputed victory:
The dubious conflict ended, Quebec fell
To the conquerors.

Soph. Alas! there's more to follow;—and I fear
This great encomium on his valour,
Is like an opiate that's given to a
Patient, to lull him to repose; but when
The dormant draught is evapourated,
And the gentle slumber wears away, he
Awakes in torments exquisite again.
Forgetting the short respite of his woe. (he
Wounded you said! and slain I fear— [weeping] cou'd
Not write to me?

Gent. His wrist was broken, Madam:

Soph. He had a tongue!—[sighing] His secretary then
Cou'd write.— [Aside.

He makes such vain evasions, surely my
My son is lost—[weeping.]

To him. Will you go in and stay dinner with us?
Let me know the worst, I beg Sir,—for this
Anxiety is insufferable!— [Exeunt.

SOPHIA sola, in SOPHRONIA's Parlour.

Enter to her a servant.

Madam, my mistress will wait on you immediately. [Exit.

Sophia sola. A gloom hangs on the countenance of all
I meet here, and with a fatal presage
Fills my soul.—Be still my heart,—nor pine at
The decrees of fate: Now summon all thy
Resolution, to hear th' unwelcome tale,
From whence to date the æra of thy grief.

Enter SOPHRONIA.

Sophia. Madam I took the liberty to wait

On

72 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA: OR,

On you, in hopes of having the pleasure
To wish you joy of your good news from Quebec.

Soph. I'm oblig'd t'ye Madam, for this freindly
Visit,—but have no room to hope for joy.

[*Sophia. aside*] Has she no room to hope for
joy!—then what
Have I to fear! [*sighing*]

To her. Pray, Madam, what intelligence arriv'd?

Soph. I have not seen the Gentleman who brought
Th' express, nor received a letter, but I
Have great reason to guess by what I've heard,
Cou'd the lofty, founding name of honour
Give a mournful parent any joy, from
The gallant exploits of my son, perhaps
I might some pleasure feel, and boast he fell
A British Patriot.

Sophia. Is he then slain!—Ah me!—
And was my happiness so fleeting!

Soph. If your happiness, Madam, is center'd
In my son, fleeting it may be; for I
Fear he is no more. [*weeps.*]

Soph. Then farewell all the goodly treasure of
Felicity, which my fond soul had in
Expectation hoarded up.—Oh how oft
In fancy had I been clasp'd within my
Hero's arms! and dwelt with vast pleasure on
His tales of danger; whilst my list'ning ears
Methought, were sweetly ravish'd with the loud
Exulting shouts of his glade countrymen,
And friends: to welcome him victorious to
His native shore!—But now sad reverse
Of fortune threatens me—[*weeps.*]

Enter a GENTLEMAN, addressing SOPHRONIA.

Madam, here's a Gentleman Officer
Without, from Quebec, desires to speak with you.

Soph. Be pleas'd, Sir, to introduce him. [*Exit Gentl.*]
A palpalation seizes on my heart!
A cold tremor runs thro' ev'ry vein; the

Direful

72 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA : OR,

Direful agitation both of soul and
Body, borders on a fond delirium.

Oh what tender anguish ! what racking woes
Unspeakable, careful tim'rous mothers
Feel for their dear offspring ! Children of their
Youth ; and sweet pledges of connubial love !

Enter OFFICER and the GENTLEMAN.

Officer to Sophronia, [bowing and looking serious.]
Madam, I am from Quebec.

Soph. So I learn, Sir.—Is all well there ? *[eagerly]*

Officer. [aside] She must know it.

To her. Madam, your son is conqueror ; he has gain'd,
Universal love, esteem, and never
Dying fame ! (my soul

Sophia. [aside] That welcome sound won'd almost lift
To heav'n, did not his gloomy countenance
Fill it with dubious fears and clog its flight.

Soph. But does he live ?— Shall I again in these
Fond arms infold the staff of my age ; and
To my bosom press the darling of my
Soul ; bedew his manly cheeks with tears of
Joy ; and listen with a parent's pleasure,
Whilst he recounts his wounds, his dangers and
His battles ?—But oh ! I fear such joy is
Not in store for me—*[weeps.]*

Sophia, aside, weeping.] My sad soul can sympathize
with her's in
Silent sorrow.

Gent. I've this to add, before the battle clos'd,
Your son was wounded in the breast, and
Carried from the line. (Go on,

Soph. [weeping] Too true my fears are come to pass:
Sir ; for I am prepar'd to hear the worst.

Sophia. [aside, weeping.] My throbbing heart anticipates his tale.

K

Officer.

Officer. The wound he then receiv'd was dangerous,
And your son is—

Soph. [*hastily*] Oh, say not he is dead!—

Officer. Madam, he is —and nations mourn his fall.
[*Sophronia faints, and falls into the arms of the Gentleman, who sets her in a chair, placed there for that purpose. Sophia seeming'y regardless of the whole, and lost in dumb sorrow.*]

Gent. Who waits there!

[*Enter a woman servant to assist.*]

Soph. [*recovering after a short time.*] Cruel generosity!
Oh! Why by your officious care have you
Awaken'd me from the sweet delusion?
My soul was on the wing into the world
Of spirits blest, to meet and hold in an
Eternal clasp, his much lov'd filial shade. (heart

Sophia. The ball which took his life, consign'd my
To woe.

Officer to Sophia. To say you shou'd not grieve for
such a loss,
Wou'd be to charge all nature's order.

To Sophronia. Not to sympathize with you, Madam,
wou'd

Indicate a most unfeeling soul: Your
Son was all a fond mother cou'd desire,
Or a tender virgin wish:—Yet in the
Dying victor's fall, there's consolation.
Beyond the common rank of men his name
Shall live, and in Britannia's patriot
List, shall shine with a superior blaze: He
Nobly dy'd! And as he for his country
Fell, he left you full of honourable
Grief, array'd with solemn dignity of
Glorious woe.

[*Turning to the audience.*]

Shou'd

75 THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. &c.

Shou'd France again Europe in broi's engage,
And dare to rouse the dormant lion's rage;
Methinks I see your souls around me glow
With flame indignant, 'gainst th' infidious foe!
Like sons of freedom to maintain your cause,
Nobly to save wives, children, lands and laws,
To glory's goal what Briton wou'd not fly!
To fall like Wolfe, who wou'd not wish to die!
Who wou'd not fight the treaty breaking Gaul!
When George, and liberty, and martial honour call!

F I N I S.

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

And dare to touch the woman's face;
Methinks I see your face around me glow
With flame and light, 'gainst the millions lost
Like some at random to mislead your cause,
To glory's goal, what Britain would not fly;
To fall like Wolfe, who would not with a fly;
Who would not see the treaty-making fall;
When George's life, and martial honour call.



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